

INTERNATIONAL

H&E

AUTUMN QUARTERLY

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STARK NAKED
ON SKIS

NUDE
PARTIES
Sexy or
Sinful?





Health & Efficiency

INTERNATIONAL NATURIST AUTUMN QUARTERLY



SAILING Natural transport for nude bodies. See page 26.



SKIING Not so natural transport for nude bodies. Petra on page 70.



HEALTH CLUBS How dare they ask us to wear clothes? Page 10.

"Welcome to the bolder brighter Quarterly"

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LA GRANDE COSSE and local attractions (Carcassonne, above). See page 20.



ARIZONA Beating the anti-nudity laws. Page 64.

**NOW IN ITS
93rd YEAR OF
CONTINUOUS
PUBLICATION**

Health and Efficiency was established in 1900 and has incorporated Sunbathing Review, Vim and Sonnenfans. The magazine is entirely free of any connection with, and is not influenced by national associations, clubs or other organisations. We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to our mill. We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily

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WHAT CAN MEN DO THAT WOMEN CAN'T?

It is a hot, humid day, and you are walking around town. You decide to remove your top, and enjoy the sensation of the sun and the breeze on your bare chest. How will other passers-by react? The answer, probably, is that if you are a man, no one will bat an eyelid, whereas if you are a woman you are likely to be arrested. Now, to me this constitutes a clear form of sex discrimination.

It would be interesting to see how this

would be dealt with in court. It turns out that just such a case recently came up in Canada. Last summer, a twenty year old female student was arrested for being topless in public in a built-up area. Many topless men in the vicinity were allowed to go about their business unchallenged. The woman contested, not unreasonably, that this was sex discrimination.

However the court disagreed, stating that men's and women's chests are not regarded as equal under Canadian law. This is because if a man is grabbed by the chest he is said to have been physically assaulted, whereas if a woman is grabbed by the chest, she is said to have been sexually assaulted. Is this reasonable?

Surely being assaulted has very little to do with getting a sun tan? Besides, one could apply the same ruling to, say, legs, and yet they seem to be equally treated if exposed. Could it be possible that the court has made a boob?

But putting legal considerations aside, I suppose that many (non-naturist) members of the public would maintain that a man's chest is definitely not 'equal' to a woman's chest. Why is this?

Obviously in most cultures, though not all, women's breasts are quite strongly associated with sex – I'm not going to deny that. On the other hand, so is practically every bit of the body – under

the right circumstances. And the same is true for men's bodies! Yet most parts of the body are required to be kept covered by law.

In fact, on many occasions, not even all of the breast must be hidden away – low cut dresses are usually 'ok' so long as the nipples are not showing. But public exposure of men's nipples is alright! and conversely, are you going to tell Arnold Schwarzenegger that his chest is NOT attractive to the opposite sex?

Confused? I certainly am!

The only way out of this mess is to apply the naturist philosophy to the question of toplessness – that the human body is both natural and attractive and need not be kept covered up. Also, that nudity does not equal sex – there are plenty of other reasons for wanting to take your clothes off!

As H&E readers will know, opposition to any form of nudity tends to arise from closed-minded ignorance rather than logical reason.

Times are changing though. It was not so many years ago that men were supposed to keep their chests covered

TOPS OFF!

for public bathing. Similarly, one could hardly imagine Queen Victoria being amused by some of the bikinis one sees today! Female toplessness is certainly becoming gradually more acceptable on textile beaches in Europe – and long may the trend continue.

However, western society is still a place where men, rather than women, make most of the laws. Although this is slowly changing, there is still likely to be a residual sex discrimination in favour of men. But – 'Wait a minute!', I hear you cry, 'if men made the rules, and men find female breasts attractive, surely they would encourage them to go topless?'

It seems a reasonable point at first, but perhaps many (non-naturist) men would rather retain the 'titillation' value of female breasts, by requiring them to be covered up. After all, if women walked around topless whenever they wanted to, where would the excitement of girlie magazines, or topless bars be?

Secondly, many men employ a double standard, and whilst enjoying girlie magazines, don't like the idea of other men seeing their wives, girlfriends or sisters naked. So again, they would prefer them to keep their chests covered.

Surely wives, girlfriends and sisters should be allowed to decide for themselves whether or not to go topless, and not have the decision imposed on them by men?

Isn't it amazing that it is thought 'indecent' for a woman to take her top off in public for her own comfort and pleasure, whilst it is generally 'acceptable' for men to stare at picture of topless women in magazines? And how would you men feel if you had a keep a shirt on wherever women weren't allowed to be topless, even when temperatures are soaring.

Another argument is 'You can't go topless – there are children present!' What a silly reaction this is! Many children are breast fed from an early age. Are they really then going to be 'corrupted' by the sight of a bare female breast? On the contrary, a cover up serves only to teach them that breasts are dirty things they mustn't see and reinforces the ingrained attitude towards them purely as for sexual titillation. Most young children don't have any problems at all with nudity or toplessness. These only come later, when they have been taught that these things are 'bad'.

Breasts should be accepted as part of a whole living person, and not as some detached sexual objects with a life of their own. This way of thinking is, of course, central to the idea of naturism, which is why the topless issue is also a naturist one. Female naturists should demand equal rights.

Of course, mere toplessness is not nearly so satisfying as total nudity. Nevertheless, once it is universally accepted, half the naturist battle will be won. Let's fight to change those laws and statutes!



Rupert Alison points out the sexual discrimination that exists in the law's views on toplessness



United by nudity – at the gravel lakes near Bratislava.

Bare Friends in BRATISLAVA

As you might know, the Czechoslovak Federation comprises two territories, namely the Czech Republic and the Slovak Republic. Each with its own capital – the former being Prague, and the latter Bratislava.

Bratislava with its 410,000 inhabitants is the second largest city

of the federation, so I suppose it's no surprise that a lot of naturists live there. Their favourite places for spending leisure time, are two of the gravel pits at the village of Dunajská Lužná and Nové Kosariská.

When Leif came over to Czechoslovakia, we decided to visit this place together. Have you ever

seen the colour of a lake almost the same colour as the sky, on a sunny day? No? Then come to Bratislava and visit the naturist beach. The quarries here at Dunajská Lužná have very clean water which causes this effect.

We parked our car next to the naturist beach, which was

Mecislav Chorzempa shows us a brief glimpse of one of Czechoslovakia's favourite naked haunts. Photos by Leif Heilberg

advantageous as you could keep an eye on it from the beach. It was a further nice surprise to see approximately the same number of women as men there.

We talked with some of the families as well as some single women and men. We even found two that could speak English. One of them, clad only in sun-glasses, told us she was there for the first time that day. She had enjoyed it, and was going to continue nude sunbathing – another convert!

Children there were obviously fond of the water. The banks sloped gently down to the water line and beyond, so there was no danger of anyone drowning. Merely half of a kilometre away was the second of the naturist lakes with similar conditions.

How do you get there from Bratislava? It's 12 kilometres from the centre of Bratislava by road, driving first eastward and then in a south-easterly direction.

First you have to find highway number 63 (toward 'Dunajská Streda'). Pass through Nivy, Ruzinov, Podunajské Biskupice and then Rovinka village, and now you arrive at Dunajská Lužná. On the left you pass a restaurant, and then at the crossroads you turn left, passing an ice-cream store and a post office on the right hand side. Continue to Nové Kosariská village then take the second turn to the left, and about three minutes later you are there.

If you decide to go to the naturist



Different Czech bodies, identical suntans.



Single women are among the easily converted!



There's another nude beach, half a kilometre away!

**More and more
Czechs
want to join
the
naturists.**



beach Nové Kosariská by train, find the main railway station 'Hlavná stanica' and take the train on track no. 371 which goes to Dunajská Streda or even onto Komárno. Nové Kosariská village is the fourth station.

The naturist beach is only five minutes walk from the train stop. In the Slovak language it is called 'naturistická pláž'.

Other lovely looking, although less visited naturist beaches in the neighbourhood of Bratislava are Rusovce, Zlaté piesky and Veslarská dráha.

If you want to book accommodation in the city of Bratislava, write in German to the chairman of Bratislava's naturists: Mr Ondrej Lipták, Bajzova 4, CS-821 08 Bratislava, Czechoslovakia.



Gathering in greater numbers – Czech nudists are getting organised

The first thing the Slovak naturists did in their free country, was to convene the General Assembly which took place in July 1990 at Nové Stráz camp near the city of Komáro. From there, the way was set to develop. Further progress was swift.

Bratislava's naturist leader Ondrej Lipták (who is also a very good photographer) and other activists arranged for some naturist saunas and the production of the Slovak naturist magazine 'Naturizmus' which is issued twice a year. Also arranged was a special naturist weekend which actually became a meeting not only of Slovak, but also of some Moravian and Bohemian naturists, and even

'An equal number of women and men enjoyed the beach'





Definitely worth celebrating.

One woman clad only in sunglasses, was there for the first time. She became another convert!

some foreign leaders. The meeting took place on May 1991 at Zochová chata in the Malé Karpaty mountains.

The participants visited some of Bratislava's naturist beaches, setting off the naturist season with a bang, visiting historical monuments, and taking a walk through the wild nature of the Malé Karpaty mountains. Then they relaxed in a communal sauna at the chalet. Later there were discussions, exchanges of experiences, foreign and domestic information, exhibits of photographs, slide shows, and naturist videos. Certainly everyone seemed contented with the event.

In just months the chairman of Slovak arranged for the first fully official naturist camp in



The sun misses nowhere on the dedicated sunbather!



Bratislava is well supplied with naturist areas.



Peace and quiet – in reach of a crowded city.

Czechoslovakia – at Nová Stráz.

It was another great success for the Slovak leaders. This village lies at the Danube just 5 kilometres west of Komáro (which is a frontier town to Hungary's Komáron town), and really not very far from either Bratislava, Budapest, or Vienna.

Write for information to Natura Camp, CS-946 11, Nová Stráz, or phone 42-819-82119, in German rather than in English. For more information on Slovak and Czech naturism, you can call – in English – on 42-6993-522-325 or -323 during working hours, or write to P.O. Box 1, CS-735 06 Karviná – Nové Město, Czechoslovakia.

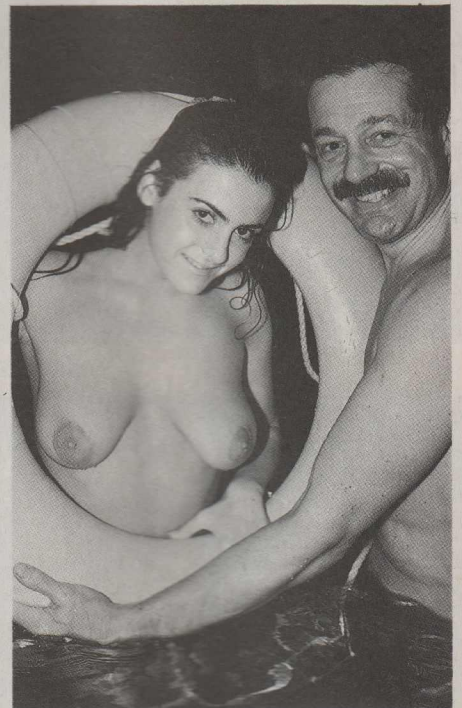


A perfect advertisement for naturism.

NUDE HEALTH



Anything more would be far too much!



*Common sense,
clearly displayed.*

Health is vital, in every sense of the word. I couldn't imagine life without my health, without walking outdoors in the fresh air, swimming in a chilly countryside river, or hiking up a forbidding mountain. I live for these experiences, and yearn to escape my home city, London, whenever possible.

But fitness and health need constant attention. My answer to the evils of city life is to visit a health club regularly, where I can exercise or relax, cover myself in sweat or scrub myself clean in the sauna, and basically give my body some much needed activity. Unfortunately, most health clubs are entirely unsuitable places for doing this.

The facilities are there, the equipment is there, but the most important thing isn't. It's tucked out of sight, disguised, and ignored. It is the human body, which is essential for the purposes of a health club, even though we're supposed to pretend otherwise.

The very word gymnastics comes from the Greek 'gymnos', which means naked. Physical exercise and

More and more people are taking to health clubs. But what's so healthy about wearing a towel in a sauna, or a swimming costume in a pool?

**Photos by
Charlie Simonds
taken at
Silverleigh Club
Text by
Ken Tomms.**





Silverleigh is a real life-saver for nudists.

nakedness were synonymous at one time - just as we now think of taking a shower or having a bath as nude activities. The perfectly clear reason for this is that clothes are unnecessary when performing exercise, to the point that they actually detract from it.

Riding an exercise bike, pulling on a rowing machine, and lifting weights might sound like activities that you can do just as well clothed, but having tried otherwise I can only disagree. The whole atmosphere of health clubs is ruined by the imposition of clothing. It might not seem so obvious in the gym, but the



places to start examining anti-nudity attitudes are the sauna and swimming pool. You then simply work outwards from there.

There are many people ignorant enough to sit in a sauna with their costumes on. I know one couple who have their own private one, and who insist that they always use it with their swimming costumes on. Even when only one of them is going in there. But Reason cries out against behaving like this. It's relatively straightforward to argue that people's fear of nudity in a sauna serves no positive purpose, and only makes their life uncomfortable and impractical.

***Correctly
dressed for
swimming.***



***"Bodies are essential
for any health club."***

***Liberated... free
to exercise, free
to have a body.***

Give people reasons for nudity, and they'll soon discover there aren't any reasons to argue against it. There are positive benefits to going nude in a sauna, as most will admit. However, few people will accept that there are equally positive reasons for going nude on an exercise bike. The physical benefits are indeed little: slightly less restriction on your movements, and the ability for air to circulate all over your body and cool you down equally and naturally. No sweaty sports clothing!

But the psychological benefits are far greater. You are much more in tune with yourself, much more aware



of your body when nude. You can't help becoming more conscious of yourself if you spend your entire day dressed, and then strip off in the evening. All day long you've concentrated on your work, used your mind to attend to your job. Then it's the turn of your body. You need to wake up your attitudes to it, to release it, to alert your mind to its presence and start working in harmony with it. You can't do that properly if you're not even allowed to see it uncovered.

I can happily spend most of my life hiding the fact that I have a body. It's no problem for me getting dressed

every day for work, shopping, gardening, whatever. But I draw the line at getting dressed in a health club. Establishments that are single-sex tend to be much more relaxed about clothing restrictions, as if in silent recognition of the fact that nudity is utterly suitable for exercise. If only society had the imagination and the strength of will to shake off the clutter of outdated and impractical taboos about the body, we'd all do it naked. Until then, I'll stick gratefully to the two London health clubs where bodies are permitted. I'm not stupid.

"The whole atmosphere of health clubs is ruined by the imposition of clothing."





The uniform of a healthy person.



Be relaxed about it!



'Mens sana in corpore sano' - a healthy mind in a healthy body, as they say in Latin!

IRENE'S PEEP SHOW

Scotsman Strawn took full advantage of the price of booze on his first holiday to the naturist complex on the beach of Cap D'Agde - much to his detriment. He was a big, amiable man with a dry sense of humour. He was generous to a fault, loving to buy rounds of drinks for his friends and be the life and soul of the party. He had ridden down on the same coach to Cap d'Agde as me, buying a couple of cases of beer on the ferry crossing to France and happily sharing his purchase with any fellow passenger.

After the mayhem of arrival, apartment allocation and unpacking I went to do my essential shopping. Not so Strawn, he immediately stripped, headed for the bar, downed several ice cold beers then lay down in the shade to sleep and recover from the journey. The shade moved away as it inevitably does, and by the time he woke up he resembled a freshly broiled lobster.

A pathetic sight met me when I arrived at the pool the following morning. Strawn was the kind of heavy man who looked as though his skin was a size too small at the best of times. That morning he looked as though he had just escaped from a cannibal's cooking pot - the pinkiest person I had ever seen and about to burst out of his tight, angrily sore skin.

"Look at me! What ever should I do?" he wailed pulling off his t-shirt and gingerly pirouetting naked before me.

"Try rubbing vinegar all over your body, then stay out of the sun except early morning and late afternoon; it can bite and stay off the booze during the day." I advised.

THE DRINKING NATURIST

"Vinegar! What do you think I am - a plate of chips?" He looked at me with disbelief and headed for the bar. "What'll you be drinking?"

"Cafe au lait, s'il vous plait."

He returned with my coffee and a pint of beer for himself and lay on a lounge with his body in the shade and a towel draped over his scalded legs.

"I advise staying away from beer until evening." I reproved gently. "It will make you sweat and the evaporation will burn you even more."

"Shite! Woman, quit your nagging. I came here to do the whole business. Ya' know, get an all over tan to pull the birds, if I can't do that at least I can enjoy a quiet

beer."

He vanished behind a newspaper with a muttered grumble of "Vinegar indeed! She'll be telling me to sprinkle myself with salt and pepper next." She soon tried to adopt me, but how ever much fun he was to be with I couldn't deal with his alcohol consumption. His skin continued to stay colours that ranged between shrimp and beetroot and as I spent most of my time in

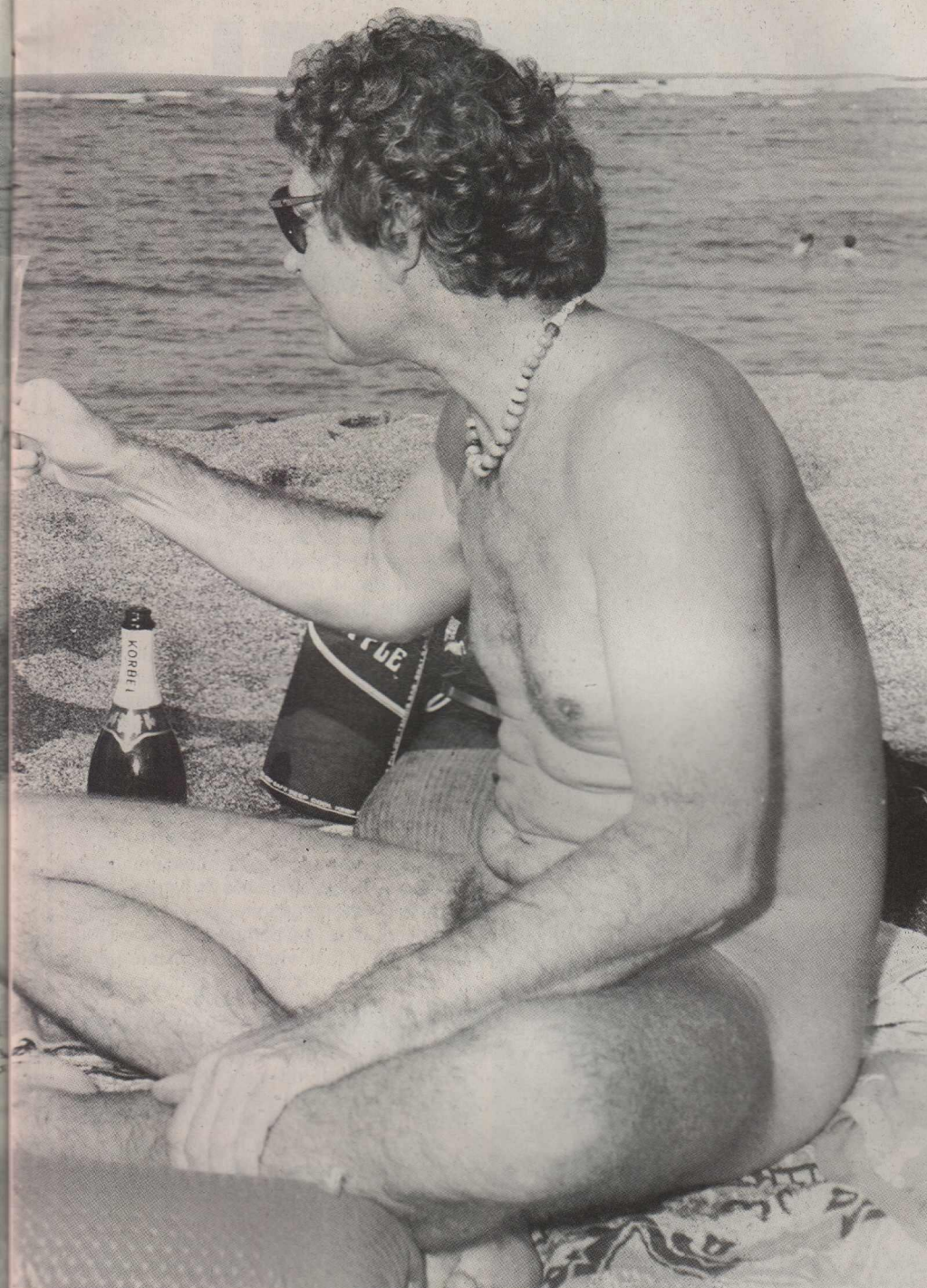
Naturism – worth drinking to, but not too much.



the water and he in the bars he was quite easy to avoid.

He was persistent, however, and one evening took me for a very nice dinner on a floating restaurant in Agde. To give him his due, he was funny and charming, the food was delicious and the sparkling wine flowed endlessly. I am a foodie with a tremendous appetite who loves French cooking and I was soon eating everything

IRENE JONES HOPPE remembers Strawn only too well from a Cap d'Agde holiday. He certainly wasn't one of the more ascetic travellers!



that wasn't actually nailed to the table.

"You've a good appetite for a wee lassie," he remarked as I demolished a huge plate of Moules Marinère and he started on our second bottle of rosé.

"You don't seem to eat much for a big man." I replied as the waiter brought me a trout with beans and mushrooms. "Why don't you eat more and drink less?" He was unenthusiastically pushing a steak around his plate. He laughed.

"Still trying to reform me?" He refilled his glass. "I like you. How would you be my date for the rest of this holiday?"

"Quite honestly, I think I'd sooner be alone on a lifeboat with Hannibal Lecter." I

said unkindly. Strawn wasn't a man to take advice or offence. He shrugged and ordered a brandy while I tucked into both our chocolate mousses with whipped cream. By the time a taxi dropped us off at the apartments I had to propel him physically to his door, unlock it and push him onto his bed. He was snoring before I left.

Next morning he showed up apparently none the worse for wear as I was eating breakfast. I determinedly force fed him orange juice and a croissant.

"Did I make a pest of myself last night?"

"No, you're not an aggressive drunk, you behaved very well considering."

"Yes, but you're still angry with me and I want to make it up to you. I'm having a

couple of friends around for lunch I'm planning a lovely meal, I've bought lots of food." He knew my weak spot. "Will you come to make up a foursome?"

I should have known better. When I arrived bearing a bowl of peaches as a peace offering Strawn was asleep. He was naked and his round, rosily burned bottom could be seen from his patio, quivering with each snore. I called his name gently and he erupted from his nap with startling velocity.

"What time is it? I'm glad you woke me lassie - I was just testing that the wine was good enough. Shite! I was going for a fresh baguette. No time now."

"You set the table, I'll fetch the bread."

When I returned his other guests had arrived. They had driven down the previous day, also from Scotland.

Strawn had gone to considerable trouble to prepare a salad and smoked fish, also fruit and cheese. We all tucked-in, the wine flowed and the conversation was lively.

By 3.30pm we were all full and I was rather dizzy. I tried to count the empty bottles by Strawn's chair but my eyes wouldn't focus. I cursed myself for not watching how many times he had refilled my glass. He brought coffee liberally laced with scotch.

"Not for me, sh'anks, I fink I'll go home." I mumbled and negotiated my way off the patio. My stagger back to my apartment was a nightmare. I do remember a stare from a passing Frenchman; the sort of 'there goes another English drunk' look of contempt. I carefully locked myself in and knew no more until 8.00pm. Two hours later I was still pouring down copious amounts of lemonade interspersed with aspirin, when Strawn crashed through my door waving a bottle.

He stumbled into my cabinet, clutching it for balance and dropping the bottle which broke with a thundering impact, showering wine and shards of glass over everything. The cabinet toppled with Strawn underneath, coating him liberally with flour, rice and olive oil.

In the deafening silence that followed he looked up at my face, the expression on which could probably have killed a cat.

"I suppose there's no hope of spending the night with you?" He staggered to his feet. "I know - go home Strawn."

I managed to avoid seeing him again until the last day when we were all meeting in the pool bar waiting to board the coach home.

"I see your sunburn eventually settled down, you're looking surprisingly fit." I told him. He looked pleased and ordered us two glasses of wine.

"I met this American chappie in the bar one afternoon. He was from Florida, so used to the sun, and you'll never guess what he told me to dab on my sunburn? Vinegar! Can you believe that?" he said shaking his head with wonder. "It really did the job."

ATTACK!

Naturism, I am informed, is the belief that to be in what's called "a state of nature" is preferable to what is implied to be an artificial and therefore supposedly inferior condition.

Which, at first glance, seems plausible enough.

The impression naturists seek to impose is, apparently, that prancing about without any clothes on is "natural," whereas walking about fully clothed in the normal manner is not.

Now I agree at once that, occasionally, it is vastly more convenient to remove one's clothes, as, for example, when having a bath or taking a shower. Though, significantly, most ordinary people prefer to carry out these activities in private. For the very good reason that we naturally seek not to be watched while attending to the cleanliness of our private parts, or, indeed, attending to the needs of our nose and ears, or cutting our toe-nails.

Again, it is obviously necessary to remove some of our clothes when either urinating or excreting. Without being too indelicate, this means that a man undoes the flies of his trousers to urinate, or lowers them to excrete, while women lower their knickers to do either or both. And, again, most normal people prefer to perform these perfectly natural functions in either total privacy or at least partial seclusion.

This is because, first, even in a state of nature we are at our most vulnerable at such times, and, secondly, because there is nothing either beautiful or pleasurable in watching other people performing these natural functions - except, of course, for perverted people with an unhealthy

NUDISM IS NATURAL? RUBBISH!

interest in dirt and waste-products.

So are naturists seriously suggesting that urination and excretion, though admittedly natural functions, should be performed in a state of nature? unclothed in public?

I very much doubt this, as I have also been informed that naturist Clubs and Camps are usually equipped with adequate facilities for normal privacy, including doors on the cubicles.

Again, I have been assured that it is natural to remove one's clothes to perform the act of love - though, of course, it is perfectly possible to do so in ordinary night-clothes beneath sheets and blankets. As, indeed, most British people seem to do. But, whether naked or normally clothed, most ordinary people insist on making love in total privacy and absolute seclusion.

Are naturists seriously suggesting that we should all make love naked in public in order to be natural?

Again, I very much doubt this, as naturists are never seen making love in

full view of their fellow naturists at their Clubs and Camps. Indeed, as I have yet again been informed, they are rarely to be seen so much as touching members of the opposite sex, let alone kissing or embracing.

One more question in this regard: Would any naturist, whether naked or clothed, other than a sexual pervert, want to be watched making love by his or her own children? Yet what ought to be more natural in the life of a family living in a state of nature?

Therefore, if nakedness and love-making are supposed to be so natural, why are naturists apparently as modest as the rest of?

(Incidentally, and merely in passing, if naturists are so keen on not wearing clothes, and refer to ordinary people as "textiles," why do they "wear" bed-clothes over them in bed at night?)

In other words, there is an essential difference between a state of nature and what is called naturism.

Indeed, it can be demonstrated conclusively that where humans are concerned there is no such condition as a state of nature.

Because, obviously and necessarily, we interfere with "Nature" as often as we need to. If we didn't, we'd die.

Examples are almost too numerous to list.

When a naturist's tooth starts rotting, why not allow it to rot quite naturally instead of getting a dentist to do anything so unnatural as drill a hole and fill it with metal? And when your teeth fall out naturally in the course of life, why replace them with anything so totally unnatural as artificial dentures?

When your stomach-ulcers start to inflame, why call in the surgeon?

When you catch a perfectly natural virus, why call in the doctor?

When the joints of your bones begin to wear out in an inevitably natural way, why allow the orthopaedic specialist to interfere?

And when your eyes begin to grow old, why do anything so unnatural as balance bits of glass on your nose?

Again, if you are pretending to be natural, why cook your food?

Agreed, some natural foods can be eaten raw, but why not bite into a potato like an apple? why not eat raw flesh and fish? why not drink blood in its perfectly natural state hot from the slain animal?



A state of nature – in the wrong environment?

And why not use your hands and fingers to eat with?

Agreed, we all use them for some foods, but why not rip a piece of raw flesh from a dead animal with your nails and fingers? and tear at it with your teeth? After all, fingers and nails were intended for such work.

And why only eat the dead flesh of certain animals? Cats and dogs and slugs are as natural as pigs and cows.

Boiling water rarely appears in a state of nature, so why drink tea or coffee or any other infusion requiring it?

In other words, what appears to be "natural" is not always right and proper for humans, and most of us have quite natural reservations about what we prefer to eat and drink.

Again, we all quite naturally grow hair on various parts of our body, so what on earth is "natural" about men shaving off their beards? or women shaving off what they call "unsightly"! hair under their arms?

Surely no naturist man or woman could be so unnatural?

Is it natural for any alleged naturist to smoke tobacco? For what could be more unnatural than inhaling smoke into lungs intended for air?

Yet again, what's natural for naturists to travel by means of the internal combustion-engine to their clubs and camps to take off all their clothes? to fly by air to their resorts overseas?

Perhaps an embarrassing question, but what's natural about the use of artificial methods of contraception?

Because, to be perfectly natural, naturists ought never to use condoms or any other rubber contraption to prevent natural conception.

And, surely, to use chemical spermicides to kill perfectly natural and innocent human sperm must be unnatural?



Gerald Sorme will never be a naturist, and he doesn't believe anyone else should be!

And chemical interference in human female ovulation by means of the Pill must also be the very reverse of natural?

In other words, all married or sexually active Naturists ought to have very large numbers of children.

But to return to the alleged connection between nakedness and being natural, between the exposure of your genitals and natural.

If, as it is claimed, there is "nothing more natural" than a naked body, then why do publications (even those intended for naturists) never publish photographs of completely naked people?

When (even in *Health and Efficiency*) was there ever a photograph of a man with a perfectly natural penile erection? or a photograph of a woman revealing her perfectly natural private parts? or a photograph of either a man or a woman with a perfectly normal anus?

The answer surely lies in that word "private," and all it implies.

Because there are some of our bodily parts, and some of the things we do with them, which most normal people still quite rightly regard as essentially private, for ourselves alone, not for indiscriminate public display. Modesty is a perfectly normal virtue.

Or are naturists seriously suggesting that immodesty is to be encouraged? that our children should be allowed to make exhibitions of themselves? that our young men and maidens must prance and caper for all the world to see? And that the old should be exposed in their infirmities?

This is the major fallacy of the naturist claim, that to be naked is to be free and beautiful.

We have already seen that there is very little truly natural about naturists, but for them to claim that their freedom is in any

sense beautiful is manifestly unreasonable.

Because their "freedom" interferes with the equal freedom of other people not to be offended, even outraged, by such flaunting nakedness. What normal person, out for a peaceful country or seaside walk on a summer afternoon, wants to turn a corner and be confronted by the often disgusting sight of sagging female breasts and bellies? or dangling male genitals? or creased and wrinkled flesh?

Agreed, a few, a very few humans are, perhaps, occasionally a small pleasure to look at. A girl or young woman before her breasts have, quite naturally, started to lose their youthful shape and firmness. Or a man who has kept himself in prime condition.

But the hard truth is simple, and obviously unacceptable to naturists: that most men and women in a state of nature are very rarely a pleasure to look at, being either too skinny or too fat, and nearly always more or less unhealthy, out of condition, far better looking when decently clothed like the rest of us.

When in private you are free to display your private parts to your heart's content, but, before flaunting yourselves in public, please ask yourselves: What's natural about naturism?



La Grande Cosse

Last year, when our two teenage sons had decided they were too old to holiday with us, my wife Sue and I leapt at the opportunity to take a fully naturist holiday. Our sons had insisted in the past few years that we stay in textile accommodation and only visit nude beaches by day.

With this new-found freedom, the question now was where to go. This was answered for us while we were on a short holiday in Cornwall. We were caravanning in the naturist section of the Bathsheba Camping and Caravan Park, which is a few minutes walk from the Polgaver naturist beach, near St. Austell.

A couple of fellow holiday-makers happened to mention the holiday they had taken a few weeks earlier in the south of France. For the second year running that they went to La

Set Free in a Naturist Paradise

Rodney and Sue Joyner leaped at the chance to take their first fully naturist holiday, and visited La Grande Cosse, on the French Mediterranean coast. Both the naturism and the holiday centre turned out to be ideal choices.

Grande Cosse, on the Mediterranean coast. This sounded like the ideal place for us, especially after we heard their glowing account.

A few months later Sue and I landed at Montpellier Airport. It was hot as we stepped from our plane on a mid August day. The formalities soon over, we walked through the cooling marble splendour of the airport terminal to be greeted by Allan and Hilary Kirkland, the proprietors of Club Holidays. We drove at once to La Grande Cosse.

What a welcome relief it was, once we had been shown to our accommodation, to strip off and enjoy the warmth of the Mediterranean sun and air on our bodies, especially after the long journey. Club Holidays offer several types of accommodation, including mobile homes, caravans and bungalow-style tents. We had chosen a tent, which was fully

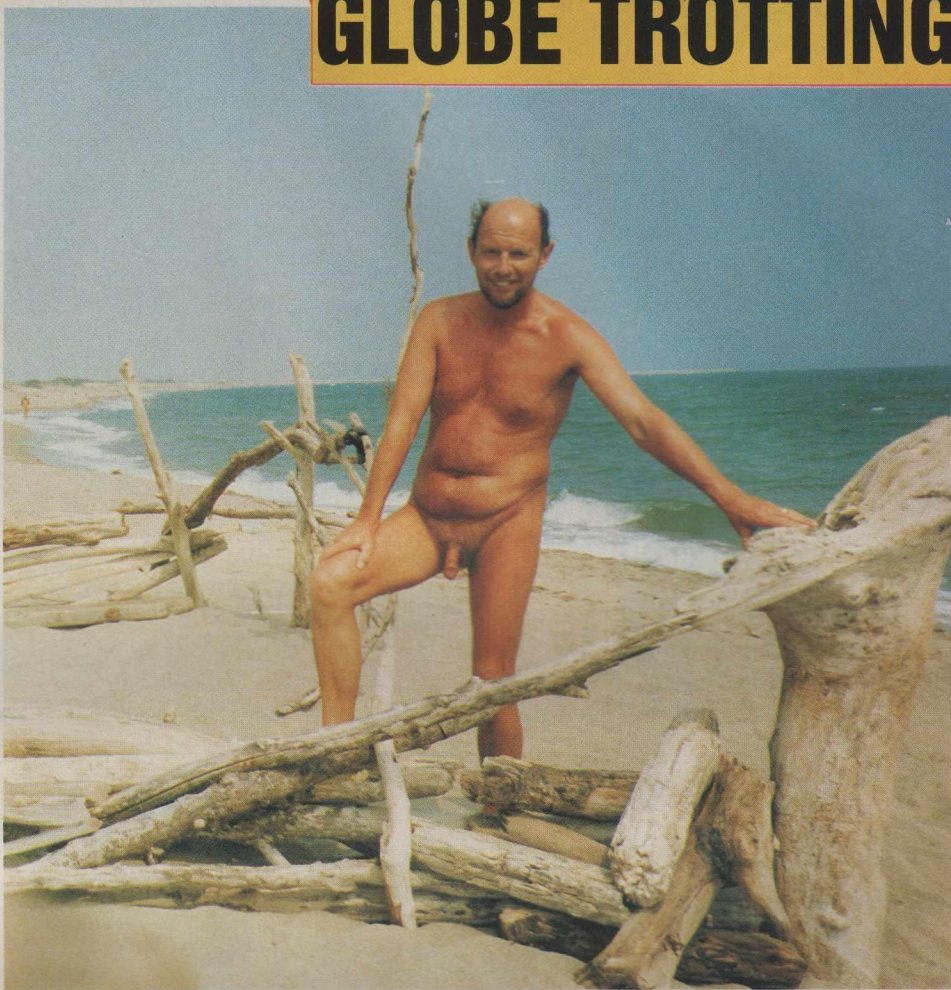
equipped and spotlessly clean throughout.

Once settled, it was delightful to be able to wander around completely nude as we explored the rest of the site. Shopping in the on-site souvenir shop or the

‘Shopping without a stitch was totally new to us.’

supermarket and eating in the restaurant without having to wear a stitch were all welcome new experiences to us. The other facilities were excellent, with free hot water showers, purpose built barbecues and a bar with a dance area. There are two

GLOBE TROTTING



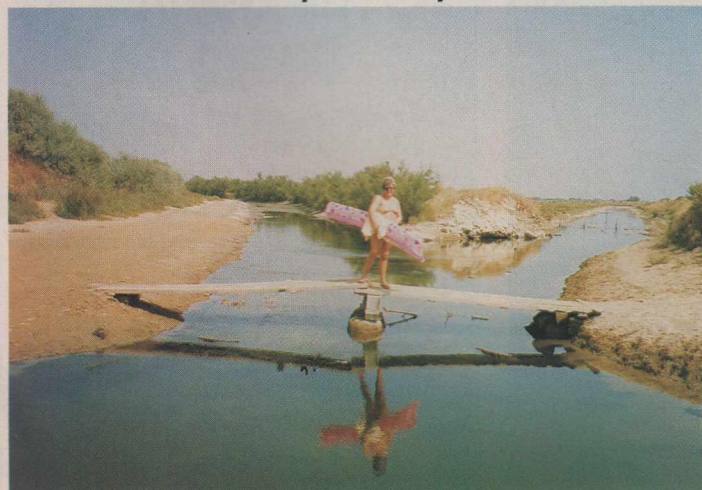
A driftwood shelter on the beach.



Narbonne's picturesque canal.



The Chateau entrance to Carcassonne.



Sue crossing to the beach.



St Pierre's lively market.



The approach to Minerve, perched on a rocky gorge.



"Food tastes better in the open."



The sights of Carcassonne - by donkey.

swimming pools, tennis courts, archery and boules areas.

Old and new customers of Club Holidays are given the chance to meet over a complimentary glass or two of wine at the regular get-togethers. There is also a sporting and social activities programme - so you can choose between a relaxing or an active holiday. Allan and Hilary are resident on site for the whole of the season, pampering to the clients needs.

To be able to go for days on end without having to dress was really fantastic. It was like

'La Grande Cosse ca become totally addictive.

shedding the stress of every day life with our clothes. You can enjoy really natural naturism, since all the pitches are set among trees and shrubs. La Grande Cosse is surrounded by wildlife, with

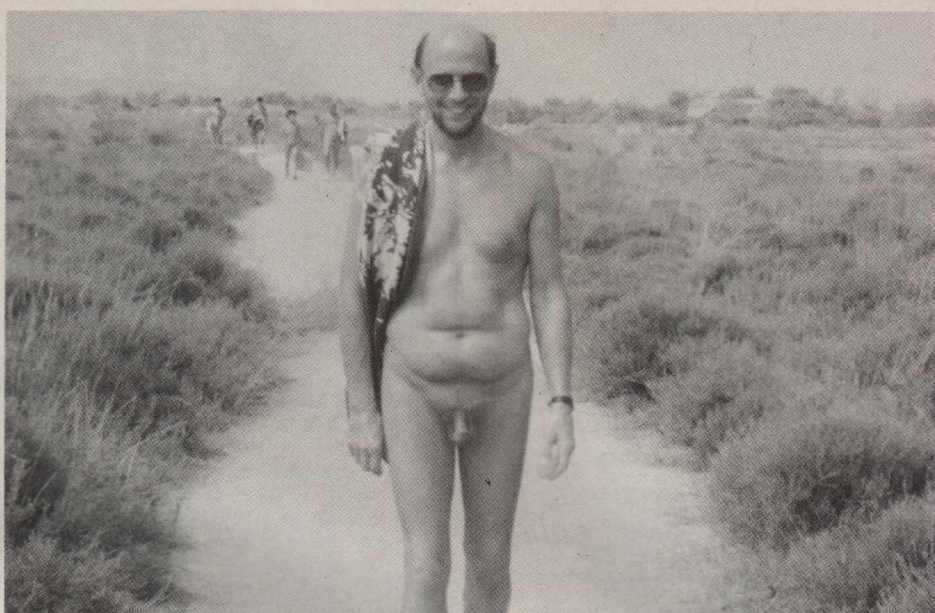
salt marshes and fields on either sides, which are part of an official nature reserve.

It's a fifteen minute stroll to the beach. The path gently winds its way through trees, which are usually singing with crickets, then follows a stream, where you can gaze wondrously at the countless fish and crabs. A narrow bridge crosses the stream and

'We shed our clothes - and the stress of everyday life'

the path continues through dried salt marshes, with their abundance of birds, butterflies, grasshoppers and lizards. Finally the path comes to sand dunes, and once over these the gloriously inviting beach stretches ahead. It's safe, sandy, and naturist as far as the eye can see.

Allan and Hilary mention in their brochure that life at La Grande Cosse can become addictive. It's quite an



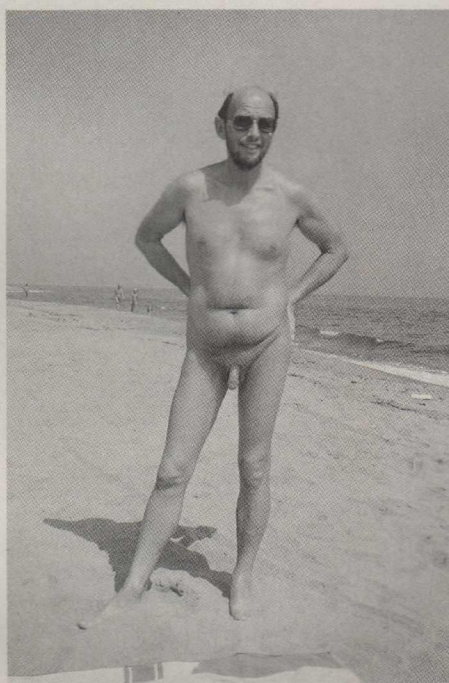
Rodney, en route through the garden of Eden.



Sue, enjoying the warm Mediterranean.



An alleged fountain of eternal youth.



Rodney, just enjoying the sun.

experience to wake up to glorious sunshine each morning. You're free to do as you please: perhaps take an early morning swim, then wander around to the supermarket for a freshly baked french loaf, and meander back for breakfast. All naked, of course.

It's possible to walk along the beach in the nude almost all the way to the two local towns, Fleury d'Aude and St Pierre. The latter has a small seafront market most of the week, which swells to a gigantic market on Sundays. The place is filled with the sight and smell of freshly

baked bread, chicken being grilled on rotating spits, locally caught fish, meat, fresh vegetables and organised events in the main summer holidays include treasure hunts, competitions, and excursions, thus freeing Mum and Dad for a peaceful break.

The icing on the cake, for us, was being able to walk among God's wonderful creatures from the site to the beach without the need to dress. It evoked a romantic feeling of

'Wandering by the shore in our birthday suits'

serenity, of being at peace with our Maker. Wandering along the blissful shoreline in our birthday suits, or relaxing on the edge of the beach, listening to the unending chorus of the lapping waves, made it easy to imagine this was a dream of paradise.

However we all wake up from our dreams. Our two weeks came to an end, and we have to content ourselves



St Pierre roadside cafes.



Rodney, by a shelter on La Grande Cosse beach.



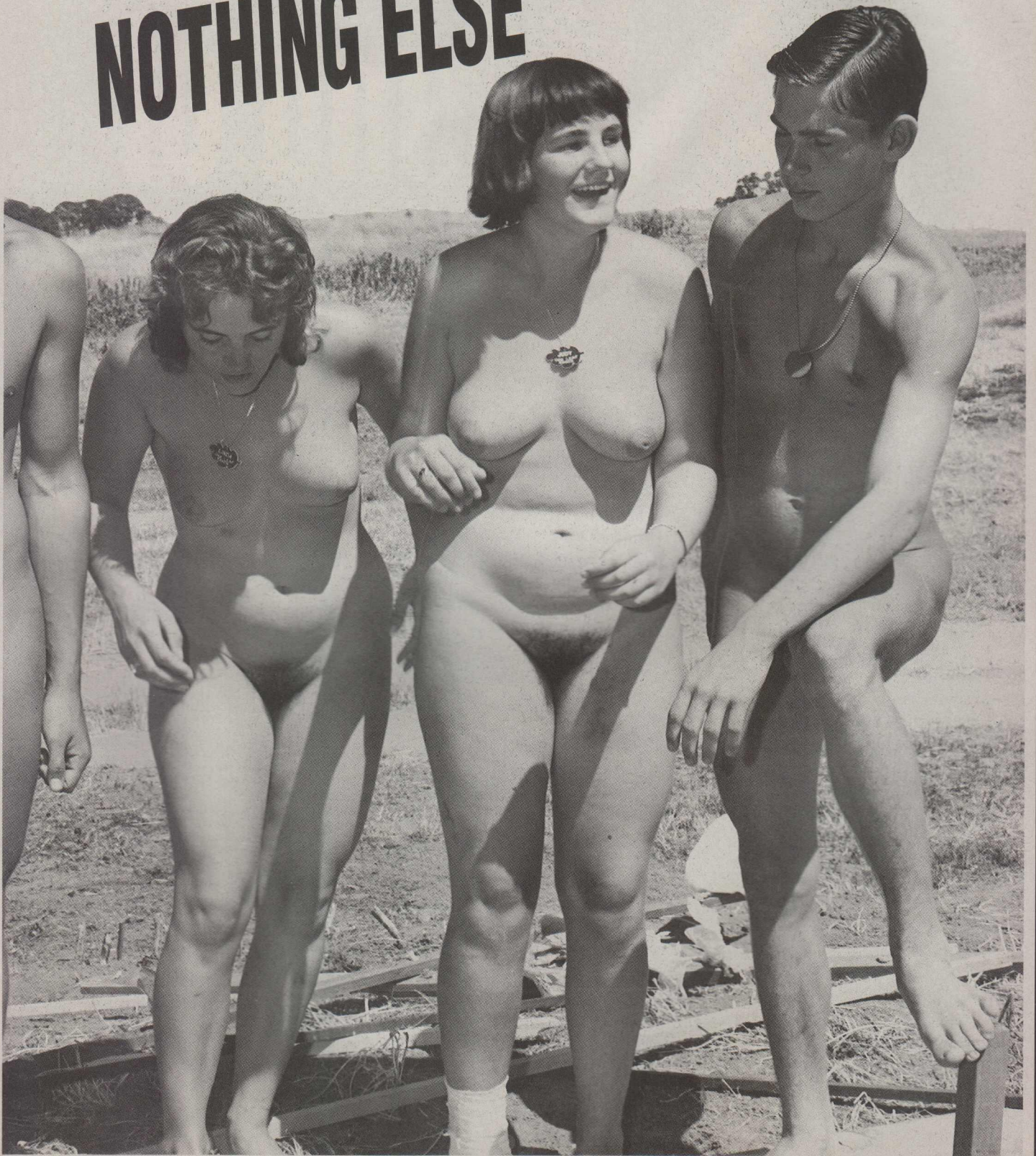
Sue, riding the Mediterranean waves.

with memories of this garden of Eden - until the next time.

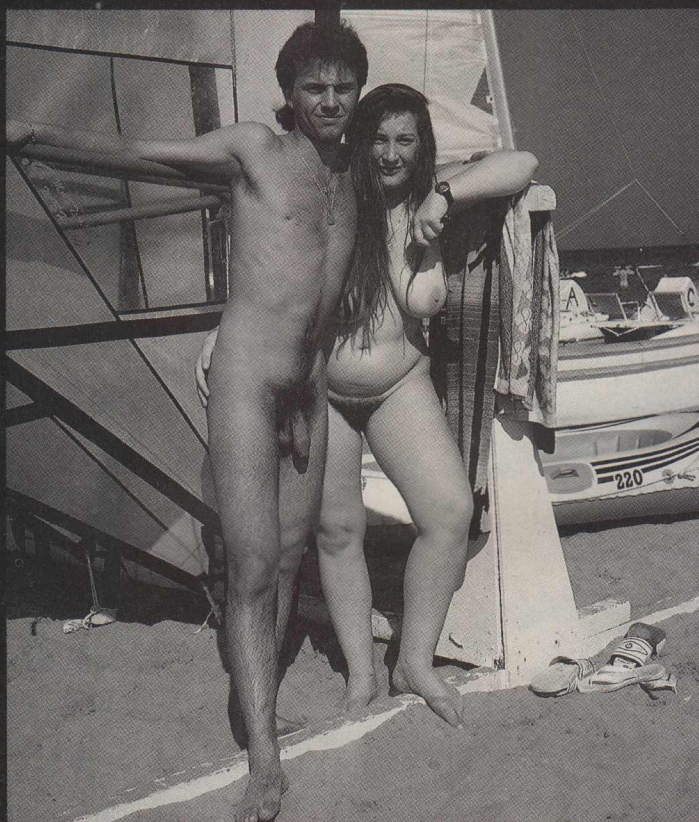
Independent travellers can make their own arrangements by direct contact with the site owners at La Grande Cosse, Centre Helio Marine Naturiste, Fleury d'Aude (11560), tel. 68 33 61 87. Otherwise contact Club Holidays at 23 Grafton Close, Hartwell, Northampton. NN7 2JE, tel. 0604 863300 (24 hours). They will take the headache out of all the planning and arrangements for you, whether you want to travel by air, coach, self-drive or motorail.

READ H&E FOR NATURISM AND NOTHING ELSE

*H&E is the magazine for
nudists. Try our monthly
editions for the fun side
of nude life.*
H&E – IT'S ALL YOU NEED!



Maurice Richards gets high (and far from dry) on salt spray and wind through the hair. He's a sailing junkie.



Cap d'Agde – a nude sailor's dream.

Another kind of Freedom

I took to water at the age of 35 because I was going out with a married lady. When her new boyfriend came along her husband immediately took me into his confidence and as a token of our new found friendship said he was prepared to make me his crew.

Well, I had another pint, so did he, and then he said if I had £65 I must buy an Enterprise dinghy and we would sail it on the gravel pit behind his cottage under the main flightpath into London airport in preparation for the moment when I would graduate from crewing to sailing it single-handed to be *his* crew on *his* racing dinghy in Poole harbour. He spoke of 'light airs' and 'Force Fives', 'lee-oh' and 'gybe-o' ... 'You would be great for the trapeze in a Six!' he enthused.

I could not see myself (a second-row forward for the London Irish) in tights and spangles but I let the comment pass and bought another drink.

Our first moments in the Enterprise, christened Von Ribbentrop, confirmed what I had already suspected. Not only was

Cliffers completely insane, but he was also a Captain Bligh clone into the bargain.

A gravel pit is like the skid pan which London double decker bus drivers use to acclimatise themselves to all conditions.

Puffs of wind will come from every direction and the tyro quickly learns 'balance',

"I couldn't see myself in tights and spangles!"

positioning himself either 'in' (inside the dinghy), 'out' (on the gunwale), or in the middle, on top of the centreboard which is pushed down into the water for stability. In any sort of breeze the dinghy naturally keels over. To compensate, the skipper, who is 'aft' comes over to the crew's side as extra ballast to off-set the list.

In fact the whole business of dinghy sailing is a continual cross-over performance as you 'go about'

(turn around), 'gybe' (go against the prevailing wind), or 'lee-oh', meaning turning into it!

When you are really up and running – and, believe me, there is no greater thrill – it is time to 'plane'. Plane-ing is when the prow of the dinghy comes high out of the water like a motor launch at high speed, except that with the pure elements of wind and sail it has a far greater bonus. It is when the wind is behind that you should think about plane-ing. The crew, who normally sits forward, slides back to the transom (the rear section just before the rudder) to join the skipper sitting side-aside. The jib (front sail) and mainsail (back sail) are 'goosewinged' to give the maximum amount of sailing cloth to the gust and then you enjoy a supreme moment. It must be like going through the sound barrier to the pilot of Concorde.

I have run ahead of myself. Let me go back to my fractious beginnings. Cliffers swore at me, I swore at Cliffers, and then realised that sailing was akin to rugger in that whatever went on 'on the

SAILING



Bareboating with a difference.



"You soon learn to move quickly – and to duck!"

field' was immediately forgotten when the whistle went for full-time. When you are sailing a hairy, lightweight dinghy, as topply and Humpty-Dumpty, you have no time for niceties. Commands are staccato and of the greatest urgency.

"Right, pull the jib in ..."

"I SAID PULL THE FUCKING THING IN. CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S STILL FLAPPING AT THE TOP?"

'Right, let the jib out. NO, NOT LIKE THAT YOU BLOODY FOOL ... SLOWLY ... GAUGE THE WIND ... WATCH IT FILL THE SAIL UNTIL YOU HAVE A LOVELY CURVE ... that's better."

You learn to move quickly, AND TO DUCK.

When the mainsail boom (the wooden strip supporting the sail) comes across from one side of the boat to the other it does so usually with tremendous verve. As it comes one way, you, the crew, have to go the other, having released it from its 'cleat' on the port (left) side of the boat to quickly 'cleat in' the starboard (right). Meanwhile the skipper at the back (aft) has control of the tiller and the mainsail.

My male readers who play cricket will understand very quickly when I tell them that being the crew (which in many cases is a one-person job in spite of the plurality-sound of the noun) in a two man racing dinghy is like

fielding in the slips. You watch the bat oblivious to all else going on around you. Aboard, you strain for your skipper's every word.

When the wind blows on the waves it is like an invisible searchlight. Its beam is a quickly travelling black stripe coming

towards you with venom. Your skipper nudges the tiller towards it a couple of degrees, you lean out when it hits, your toes well under the deck-straps. You lean out so far at times that your hair is touching the water. But you don't lean out for long. Just as you are luxuriating in the feeling of stretching your muscles for comfort, you have to get back 'in', otherwise the boat becomes

immediately unbalanced.

When you become more familiar with sailing, you quickly discern the slightest change in the wind. What might be a cooling breeze in the pub as you come out, can mean a lot of difference on the water. Getting ready to sail is as exciting to the novice as putting on skis for the first time to a rooky skier. There's your dinghy moored out in the lake, a skeleton with a mast.

You get into the 'bumboat' – an aquatic bath-tub – and paddle furiously with one oar to the dinghy. You then attach the bumboat to the buoy your dinghy is and scramble aboard. The first thing is to use the bailer and rid the



Boating is like naturism – it sets you free!

continued on page 45.







Assemble a nude crew!



continued from page 29.

Make sure there's someone to rescue you!

transom of surplus rain water, and mop the deck bottom dry.

Next, put up the jib, thread your rope, after knotting it by the sail-hole, and wrap the sheet around the fore-shroud – you don't want the dinghy 'taking off' before you are ready! Thread the top of the mainsail into the track of the mast and pull up the shroud so that the mast and mainsail meet at the very top. You can't wrap your mainsail in the same fashion as the jib so you thread your rope, knot it, and let the sail flap where it wishes. Next is the tiller, which goes on to a convenient hook. Leave the centreboard alone until you are ready to 'drive'. Then, gingerly edging forward, pull the buoy-rope to you, unhook your dinghy **QUICKLY**, (leaving the bumboat tied up to it still securely) grab the jib rope, gather up that of the mainsail, sit amidships with your back to the prevailing breeze/wind, ram down the centreboard very quickly, causing the boat to respond with a jerk, and you are sailing! But not far – that bank looms. It's time to lee-ho or gybe, to go about.

Scramble to the other side taking both ropes with you in one hand, the tiller extension in the other, and you face out to the broad



"Commands are all staccatos and of the greatest urgency!"

expanse of water, setting your sails tight and leaning out to balance the available wind-power (but always looking for the telltale black puffs on the water).

The worst thing that can happen, after these moments of exhilaration, is that you capsize.

Don't panic! It's not a problem. In all proper dinghy training schools, it's generally part of the curriculum.

Swim around to the centreboard, stand on it and the dinghy will right itself, **BUT ENSURE YOU KEEP HOLD OF THE ROPES AND THAT YOU GET IN WITH THE WIND BEHIND YOU.**

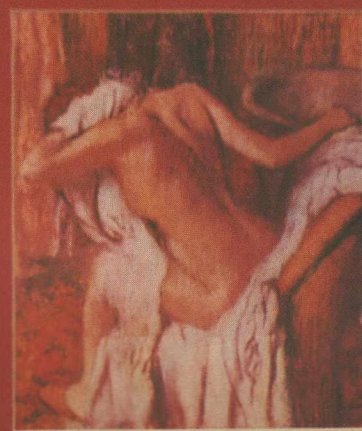
If you are getting into any difficulties controlling the dinghy, the solution is to let everything go. The dinghy will face up into the wind and instantly lose speed when the sails are left to their own devices, enabling you to calm your heartbeat and start again!

I mentioned the 'trapeze' earlier. This is supreme fun. You put a parachute-type piece of equipment around your legs and waist and hook yourself on. You then, at your skippers command, dance out as though you were absailing down a building with your feet touching the side of the dinghy (which is going at a tremendous lick). That is when all the cursing and traumas are forgotten as the sea smashes into your face like soothing cool balm. The feeling of exhilaration is equal to any of life's other memorable highs – yes, even sex.

I'm glad I went out with that married lady.

DEGAS

CONNOISSEUR OF NATURAL BEAUTY



After the Bath 1888-1892.

Edgar Degas died a sad lonely old man on September 27th, 1917, aged 83. Always shy and retiring with a reputation for fits of anger and bouts of depression, Degas became more reclusive as he got older. His failing eyesight (which was partly the cause of his increasingly eccentric and unsociable demeanour) was also ironically responsible for the legacy he left us, an exquisite series of pictures of the female nude.

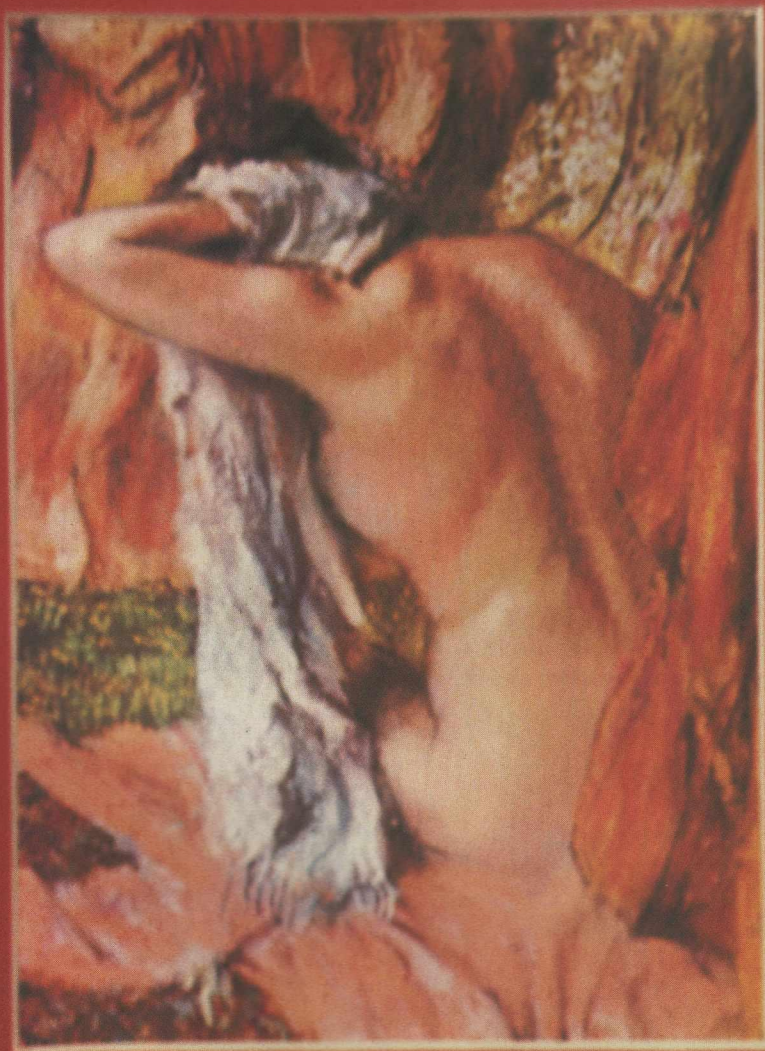
Degas first experienced difficulty with his eyesight after the Siege of Paris in 1871. During the War with Prussia, Degas served as an artilleryman when his eyesight became seriously damaged, though it is not clear how. Degas believed it was damaged through exposure to extreme cold, but prolonged exposure to strong sunlight reflected off white snow might be more likely.

As his eyesight began to fail he took to using pastels instead of oils, using bolder colour combinations and concentrating more on shape and form, and light and shade, than on fine detail. It is this absence of fine detail that creates the romantic 'soft focus' effect which singles out these later paintings.

The Degas nudes were much criticised and even considered obscene during his lifetime. Degas himself fuelled the controversy by suggesting that the women were viewed 'through a keyhole' which was understandably construed as an admission of voyeurism.

He was a shy intensely private man and, as far as it is known, never had any love affairs.

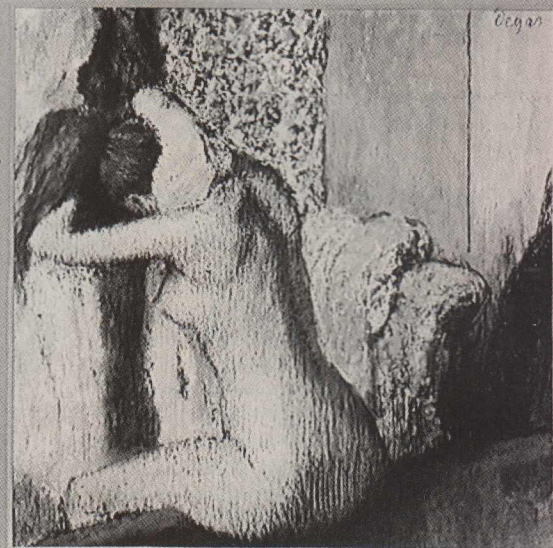
Amongst his few close friends was the American artist, Mary Cassatt, whom he met in the late 1870's. He immediately recognised her as a kindred spirit. It was rumoured among many of Degas' contemporaries that



After the Bath 1885.



Woman drying her feet.



Woman drying her neck, 1898.

he and Mary were lovers but no real evidence has ever come to light. Degas is said to have remarked to a friend: 'I would have married her, but I could never have made love to her.'

Whatever his personal life, his paintings of female nudes shocked and scandalised the society of his time for a number of reasons.

The first is that Degas painted real women. His figures were not disguised as mythical figures to give them a cloak of respectability. The paintings do not lay claim to classical allusion under pretentious titles like 'Aphrodite rising from the soap suds'.

The second reason is the particular real women that Degas chose to portray. They were laundry girls, dancers and cabaret singers, and even prostitutes, all of whom were looked down on in Degas' time.

These are not voluptuous, overtly sexual images of women in blatantly seductive poses. They are simply pictures of women washing.

Degas was a realist who painted slices of life. His pictures of ballet dancers, for example, are not idealised pictures of the art of the dance, but true to life portrayals of the hard graft of rehearsals.

Degas was fascinated by the 'new' media of photography and the composition of his paintings owes

much to photography.

An artist has complete control over what his picture contains and can create a 'perfect' balanced composition. A photographer cannot do this. A photographer taking, say, a street scene, for example, will find that all sorts of things intrude into the image, whether he wants them or not, a passing bus, a figure, somebody's umbrella.

JAMES LEWIS takes a dip into his art collection for a peek at Degas.

Degas would use this in his paintings to give them more realism. His compositions will include the edge of a door or a table, for example, or even a figure facing out of the picture.

It was this photography 'keyhole' reality which caused so much scandal. A quality that we, being used to realistic photographic images, find difficult to understand.

I find the paintings have an innocent, unselfconscious quality, and seem to me to be more the view

of someone who has walked into the room by innocent accident, rather than the view of one given to surreptitiously peeping through keyholes. The viewpoint is from eye level, whereas the 'view' from a keyhole is low down.

Degas wanted to portray beauty in an unaffected natural way and that meant portraying unguarded moments of nudity.

When we feel we are being watched we put on an act, and behave in a way which we think is expected of us. This includes even such simple things as the way we stand – we 'pose'.

Degas chose bathing because it is something private people usually do alone. Nobody poses when they are alone.

So what's your verdict? Are these the product of a voyeur?

Or are they the view of a man with a great appreciation of the beauty of the female form; shy and unsure of how to relate to women; a man coming to terms with impending blindness and the realisation that he would not be able to see anything for much longer?

I believe Degas enjoyed the beauty of women in the best way he could, through his imagination and his art.

And I for one won't blame him for that.

casts his predictive net eight years hence to consider the potential for environmentally friendly personal transport.

The events of the past few years - in particular the vast waste of natural deposits occasioned by the burning of the Kuwaiti oil fields - have focussed attention once again on this most threatened of resources.

With just eight years to go to the 21st Century, energy planning experts are already predicting increasing difficulties in satisfying a basic dilemma; reconciling man's desire for mobility with the increasing scarcity of the world's natural resources.

SCARCE RESOURCES

It has been obvious for some time that oil supplies are scarce and running out rapidly. Until now, however, the car manufacturers have been able to find new ways of increasing engine efficiency. So while the number of vehicles on the road has continued to increase alarmingly, the total fuel consumption of those vehicles has not shown anything like so dramatic an increase. In fact, it is reckoned that today's cars travel around 33% further on a gallon of fuel than their pre-1970 forebears. They produce less than half the pollution, too.

A DESIGN FOR LIVING

But what of the future? Unfortunately, the motor industry itself is not too keen on crystal balls, particularly at a time when the issue is clouded by environmental pressures and the uncertainties of fuel supply.

In recent years, a good deal of the emphasis has been placed on increased aerodynamic efficiency as a means to reducing fuel consumption - hence the sleek, streamlined shape of most of today's cars. It's the same with would-be 'futuristic' concept vehicles like the Rover CCV, Renault Laguna and Mazda Gissya. Obsession with fuel-saving shapes coupled with the fact that most car designers feed the same kind of wind resistance figures into their computers, has led to the oft-quoted tendency of "all cars looking the same."

ALTERNATIVE POWER

Although alternative forms of propulsion are likely to be available in the next century, they are still very much in their infancy. At least the manufacturers are trying. The Japanese manufacturer Mazda, for example, has given us the FFV or Flexible Fuel Vehicle, a special version of the best-selling 323 running on a petrol/methanol blend - up to 85% of the latter fuel - as well as petrol alone. Methanol exhaust emissions contain

significantly lower amounts of harmful hydrocarbons (HC) and nitrogen oxides (NOx).

Mazda, like many other companies, is also conducting research into vehicles that would be capable of running on other fuels, such as compressed natural gas, electricity and hydrogen as well as genuinely clean energy sources like solar power.

GOVERNMENT ACTION

The most sweeping changes as we approach

the 21st Century will undoubtedly be those dictated by the demands of the environment. Although certain governments - most notably the British - appear to have been resistant to more stringent emission levels, the problems of vehicle exhausts are universally acknowledged and new EC laws are being introduced to limit the level of noxious pollutants pumped out by the average 'motor'.



Into The Next Century



inefficient animal and the only real solution is to encourage people to drive more slowly or use smaller cars with less powerful engines. Indeed, sceptics might say that the only real solution is to stop using cars altogether.

NATIONAL ISSUES

Individual countries have their own approach to the transport crisis. Britain, for example, has one of the lowest per capita levels of car ownership in Europe - despite (because of?) the appallingly overcrowded road network - but even there it is obvious that something drastic will need to be done if the country is to accommodate yet more vehicles.

Although some sources claim that much can be done to improve our present road systems by building by-passes round populated areas, such unfettered construction brings further damage to the environment. Few people - save, perhaps, for the road builders and the car companies - relish the thought of areas of great natural beauty being dug up and replaced by hideous tracks of sprawling tarmac, and many people are as concerned about this aspect of environmental decay as they are about acid rain or greenhouse gasses from cars and trucks.

MORE ANSWERS, MORE PROBLEMS

In fact, cutting down on such offenders as carbon monoxide and nitrogen oxides brings its own problems. By 1993, all new petrol-engined cars sold in the European Community will have to be fitted with catalytic converters. However, although some manufacturers claim that fitting 'cats' to their cars does not increase fuel consumption, in many cases the catalytic equipment does indeed cause engines to use more fuel. More petrol means more carbon

dioxide, adding to the substantial amount already generated by the 'cats' turning the poisonous NOx cocktail into 'harmless' gasses. This in turn contributes to the notorious greenhouse effect.

Pressure group Friends of the Earth reckon that nearly 20% of the UK's carbon monoxide emissions come from road transport and it is the same in most industrialised countries.

All this means that motor manufacturers are under increasing pressure to find ways of curbing emissions of carbon dioxide - and the only way to do this at present is to use less petrol. Of course, further engine development, weight saving and improved aerodynamics will help to cut the amount of fuel used but at the end of the day the internal combustion engine is a notoriously

WHAT ABOUT PUBLIC TRANSPORT?

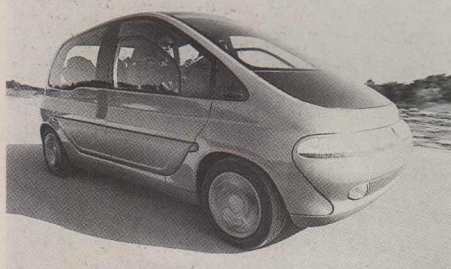
Organisations like Friends of the Earth say the answer is to curb car ownership and improve public transport. Better bus and train services would certainly help. But the quality of bus and train services in, say, the UK, is so low and recent governments so committed to running down public transport encouraging private car ownership (and company cars), that the car has become a way of life. Any contraction in car ownership would also be politically unacceptable because of the vast sums of money invested by American and Japanese companies - Ford, General Motors and Nissan, to name just three - assembling cars in Europe, particularly the UK.

SO WHAT CAN WE EXPECT?

Looking ahead to the year 2020, car industry bodies like the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders expect that we'll see at least some of the following:

- * Fewer private vehicles in towns and city centres.
- * More efficient public transport services.
- * Better roads with greater use made of elevated highways.
- * Use of alternative fuels - perhaps including electric vehicles.
- * Greater integration of the European road system.
- * Lower speed limits with automatic control mechanisms on motorways to help regulate traffic flow.
- * Conveyor belt roads on the approach to towns and cities, improving fuel efficiency and reducing accidents.
- * Route guidance systems to reduce congestion.
- * Anti-collision devices.

Whatever happens, you can be sure of one thing: the increasingly crowded transport systems of the future will make us all a lot more aware of the environmental cost of getting from A to B.



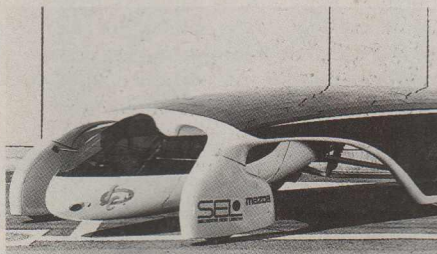
Citroën's electric car



Renault's concept car.



The futuristic Renault Scenic.



Mazda's solar-powered model.

**'Transport', on the way
down from Fire Mountain.**



Castillo de Papagayo used to consist of a few double-storeyed apartments set well back from the sea. It has since been radically extended, and is still growing.

The lava-strewn land to the northern limits of the resort, once covered only by sand blown from the Sahara, now has roads and footpaths and all the attendant debris which goes with building sites. Some houses have been erected, including a dozen or so that are only about fifty yards from the lava cliffs, with superb uninterrupted views of the Atlantic. These have two bedrooms, the quality of their

Naturist relaxation

equipment varying considerably, depending on the owners.

South of these, around a pleasant pool, is a compound operated by Oböna Reisen (who also run the original apartments). This pool and the one in the older area are only available to people travelling with Oböna. Other holiday-makers can use the one at the cliff edge, which was created by an imaginative use of walls to provide both swimming and sun-bathing areas. It was well kept and always a joy, but during our recent visit it was in a sad state needing much structural repair.

On the extreme southern part of Castillo de Papagayo more roads have been laid out, some private houses built, and two further developments (Las Piteras and Charco Natural). The latter is a well equipped row of six apartments overlooking the sea, run by a resident German family. Apartments at Las Piteras can be booked through Peng Travel.

Although there seemed to be no actual building work being done in the resort whilst we were there, there were many started projects. Had financial difficulties been to blame? Whatever it was, it made several areas look uncared for and in need of a thorough clean-up.

Some areas, both in private gardens and in public places, have been well

Many have succumbed to the promise of year-round sunshine in Lanzarote and discovered the naturist centre at Castillo de Papagayo. Sarah Bartle returned after a break of five or six years and found the place to be much changed.

landscaped. These can be quite beautiful, with volcanic rocks set on black picon (pulverised lava) to which cacti and flowering plants add a bright splash of colour. Well cared for, these arid gardens are just as attractive as any well manicured lawns in more temperate climates.

Castillo de Papagayo now has two restaurants, as well as a coffee bar and a small shop. It seems that the taxi service which used to operate from the resort has disappeared, probably because many visitors hire their own transport these days. Transport is essential to visit the tourist sights, and also reach a large supermarket in nearby Guatiza, and the new hypermarket on the northern outskirts of Arrecife. Since both of these cater more for local people than tourists, the prices are lower than on some other locations.

We were amazed as our plane landed by how comparatively green the place seemed, and were not disappointed on our journeys about the island. Even in the desert-like conditions at Castillo de Papagayo there were many little shrubs in the rocks and sand. These in their turn seemed to encourage bird-life, presumably feeding on the insects and seeds supported by these plants. Kestrels were in abundance; flocks of some sort of finch often passed through; wagtails and curlews were frequently seen, as were partridges.

However, our prize viewings were of several brightly feathered hoopoes, and later a pair of herons.

Agriculture still relies on night dew, which is absorbed by the picon, covering

hundreds of acres of farm land. Potatoes, carrots, onions, sweetcorn and tomatoes are all reared in these conditions, as are vines in their individual little valleys, sheltered from the drying winds by semi-circular lava rock walls.

Relaxing on site is no doubt at the top of most naturists' lists when they reach Papagayo, but one nearby sight should not be missed. That is the cactus garden at Guatiza. Don't be put off by the giant metal cactus outside! The sunken garden inside is tasteful and interesting; there is a bar/restaurant, a souvenir shop and the cleanest public loos we've ever seen. Overlooking this is a windmill from where there are wonderful views both outside and inside the garden.

Eroded volcanic rocks are another feature of the gardens, some standing in excavated pools where fish swim.

The sound of running water in such an arid place is enchanting. There are hundreds of cacti, well labelled, sitting on the ever pleasant picon. The garden was designed by the artist 'guardian' of Lanzarote, César Manrique, who has fought so long against the indiscriminate development of the island. Thanks partly to his efforts, large tourist developments have

Large developments

not yet spread to the main holiday areas of Porto del Carmen, Playa Blanca and Costa Teguise, although they are obviously bringing some prosperity to the islanders.


Although we had reservations about the large amount of development now under way at Castillo de Papagayo we thoroughly enjoyed our stay, so much so, we could not think why we had been so long between visits. That is a mistake we hope not to repeat. Roll on next Spring!

Peng Travel Ltd., 86 Station Road, Gidea Park, Romford, Essex RM2 6DB.

Tel: 04024 71832.

Oböna Reisen, Am Taubenbaum 6, 6350 Bad Nauheim, Germany.

Tel: (0) 6032/8984 or 8901.

A photograph of a woman sunbathing on a rocky beach. She is nude, sitting in shallow water, with her head tilted back and eyes closed, enjoying the sun. The background shows dark, jagged rock formations.

On the beach at Papagayo.

Lanzarote

LAVA, PROGRESS AND NUDITY

TAKE A DEEP BREATH

The most difficult way to photograph nudes

The pleasurable feeling associated with swimming naked is well-known to the naturist - whether it is that cool dip in a sparkling outdoor pool on a warm day or those health-giving lengths up and down a heated indoor pool any time of the year. These days there is even more fun in store. Not only can you and your partner slip

on swimming goggles and enjoy seeing each other under the surface, you can take a camera down with you too. You need no special expertise to shoot pictures underwater really, it is as simple and straightforward as dry-land photography and the equipment you need is cheaper and easier to obtain than you would think. Forget what you've seen in those

television programmes where a wet-suited diver wields a camera with a bulky housing around it. Forget, too, the notion of an assistant with all sorts of lighting aids to help do those shots of undersea flora and fauna. Taking pictures underwater, at least at depths of up to three metres, should present no problems at all to even the most inexperienced photographer. All you need is someone to pose for you. And you don't have to be a brilliant swimmer to be an "underwater model".

"Glamour" goes underwater when you have a pretty girl with a strong pair of lungs and a photographer with a waterproof camera who doesn't mind getting his feet wet too. A recent session in an indoor pool in Brighton produced an exciting set of pictures taken under the surface and featuring Samantha and boyfriend Paul. Both committed naturists, they are regular swimmers who feel totally relaxed and at home in the water. In a warm, clear pool they were able to concentrate on trying to look good for the camera. They loved the idea of being photographed underwater while they swam without costumes. What could be more natural?

For the shots on these pages the photographer used a Minolta weather-

All you need is someone with a good pair of lungs.

proof 35mm lens-shutter, fully automatic camera. When sunlight filtered through the windows along the side of the pool hall and illuminated the bottom of the pool, it wasn't even necessary to use the camera's built-in flash.

This kind of camera is designed for people who enjoy outdoor life but who don't want to worry about unpredictable happenings like a sudden shower or an accidental drop in the mud, which it will handle without difficulty.

Underwater it is not as easy to look into the camera's view-finder, while you are shooting or trying to frame your subject properly, so a sports finder is supplied with the camera for underwater viewing. (You are able to attach this to the camera's accessory base.)

The shooting range on land is 1.5 metres (5 feet) to infinity but the shooting range underwater is 1 metre (3 feet) to 3.2 metres (10.7 feet).

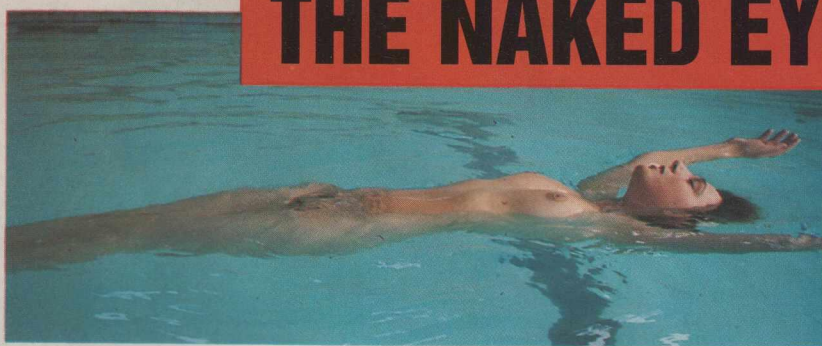
The subject appears larger underwater



Not drowning, but waving ...

Andrew Wilkinson strips away any mystique about underwater photography. These days, it really can be a question of dive, point and shoot.

THE NAKED EYE



Total relaxation.

since the refractive index of water is 1.33 times as large as for air. Pictures taken underwater appear bluish because water absorbs light at longer wavelengths (like red), leaving light of shorter wavelengths (like blue). You can help to decrease the blue by using flash near the subject.

So we have an inviting pool, an underwater camera loaded with film and a

You may need a belt-weight to keep yourself down.

couple who are keen to take the plunge. What shots shall we do?

I asked Sam and Paul to swim over to the brightest part and explained the kind of poses that I wanted them to try. They would gently submerge together, blowing most of their air out underwater to achieve something close to negative buoyancy. I would then shoot a couple of frames after all the bubbles had cleared. I got through



Just hanging around.

two rolls of film (ASA 400) and that was pretty good going. Underwater photography sessions do have to be relatively short, as continually having to hold the breath can make it tiring work for the models – and the photographers.

The only other piece of equipment necessary other than a camera is a pair of goggles or face-mask.

In addition, a photographer may feel more comfortable with a snorkel and perhaps a light belt-weight to keep him (or her) down and steady.

Apart from the Minolta, there are many others to choose from. The Canon As-6 costs around £100 and is good to a depth of 10 metres. Others range in cost from the disposable Weekend Splash from Kodak (around £10), through the Sirius Dive (£60), right up to the famous Nikon cameras starting at around £600. In many diving shops, you will find the Undy at around £50.

So, underwater photography can be as simple and uncomplicated as I've shown. I hope you're inspired to give it a try.

*Diana, Alison and Vanessa
– dressed for a party?*



Over in one corner, there seemed to be a quantity of rats desperately fighting their way out of a couple of sacks. In another less dimly lit corner, there was a man with a hypnotic glaze in his eyes, transfixed by the swaying dancers and holding a truncheon before him. Ah, I can see more clearly now, it's not a truncheon ...

As I grew accustomed to the gloom and looked around me again, I recognised the ratbags as a naked couple locked in an intense embrace.

Where was I? Surely not a naturist place? *Oh yes.* Or at least, it was a gathering of naked people. But I have to say, many would like to have seen the folk I saw here hung, drawn and quartered, and would certainly never entertain the suggestion that any of them were *real* naturists.

I had happened along to this strange spectacle - in a private house to see some of what might be termed the dark side of naturism. I confess I was quite startled at first - but fascinated.

There were stark naked couples, couples in suspenders (yes, and the men too) some with glittery tops and no bottoms, others with glittery bottoms and no tops. And a couple of semi-nude transvestites. All this set in an average front living room by the light of a gas fire.

Party Politics

Diana Roseman investigates naked (and not-so-naked) parties in her quest to find out the truth about sex and naturism.

Most odd I must say.

I suppose it was all the more peculiar because I had arrived very late and very sober. All the other guests however, had obviously arrived very early and were far from sober.

Chatting to one couple in one of their less *energetic* moments, I asked if they

were naturists. Yes. Members of a club? Yes. Did they consider this to be part of their naturist activities? Don't be bloody daft, this was a private party between consenting adults.

Most of the other 'swingers' (if that is still the in-phrase) that I met were not naturists at all, though unsurprisingly had no objections to anyone else 'doing their own thing' (in fact some of them were doing just that before and even while I spoke to them).

But then, I asked the couple again, if you enjoy all this intersexual stuff *and* naturism, would you then say that naturism for you is a sexual turn-on?

'It depends on the circumstances. If we're at the club, we're there simply to enjoy a naked day in a social setting. If, on the other hand, we have arranged with a few friends we have met through the grapevine to go off, perhaps, to some private villa on holiday, then obviously, on occasion, our nudity leads to sexual arousal'

"...In private..." they added quickly.

I left them for another quick writhe on the carpet (them, I hasten to add, not me!)

This gathering was not for me. I'd no objection to others enjoying it naturist or not - but I felt uncomfortable, not at all turned on, and generally ill at ease. And the strange thing about the people I met at the party was that they all seemed so deadly serious. So hell bent on sexual

titillation that they didn't seem to be actually having any fun at all!

A couple of months later, I visited another party, at a naturist club. It was fancy dress. Again, some (who could not be bothered to knock up a costume) were nude, some were in suspenders, some in glittery tops etc. etc. But how different the whole atmosphere was! Not one of furtive fumbblings in the dark, but one of a lot of fun.

Some were wearing what can only be described as extremely provocative garments. I think I already knew the answers I'd get, but I asked anyway.

"Don't you get turned on watching that lady there dancing in that costume?"

"Not so's you'd notice", answered the chap with a smile. "I find sexual arousal is like a tap. If I want to be excited, I can allow myself to be. Here, we're having a friendly social. I can admire Denise - both her figure and the way she is displaying it tonight, but I have no desire to react in a sexual way."

"Would you ever?"

"Not in these circumstances! But, look at my wife over there. She looks cracking as well, doesn't she? Well, I'm not going to show it now, but I tell you one thing. Watching her here tonight won't half give my libido a flip when we get home later!"

"Is that part of naturism for you?"

"It's part of life."

I went to a third 'naturist' party. This was in a naturist club too, a social evening. There was food, drink, a band, a good atmosphere. All the ingredients for a good time, but I didn't enjoy it as much as the second 'do'.

Everyone was dressed. I'd seen many of them and chatted to them round the pool earlier, naked - and unashamed. But here in the evening, it seems they would have been naked and ashamed.

"Does everyone take their clothes off later?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"But it'd be alright to take my top off if I got hot?"

"Ye.e.e.s. But no nudity. It's a rule at our social evenings. We don't want things to get out of hand."

What a peculiar thought! All these people, who have been happily nude together all day long, somehow losing all reason (and morals) after dark in the club house and abandoning themselves to uncontrolled lust.

I enjoyed the dancing, as I always would, but I felt under scrutiny. Were there any other rules I may accidentally transgress? What if I bent over to pick something up and accidentally showed my knickers? Should I expect to be pounced on by a frenzied sex maniac and stripped on the spot? Or worse - by the club official and stripped of my membership?

As before, my nude ramblings - both on paper and in the wild - have led me to no firm conclusion. So, I'll be back again next quarterly, and, who knows, the spotlight just might be on you!

NAME YOUR PARTS

When you name your parts do you lower your voice? Do you use a word for it quite unlike the proper scientific representation? If so, you are not alone! Most of us are so impressed by the power of our parts we have to devise nicknames or pet names - sometimes so remote it would take a genius to guess what we are talking about!

Even naturists, whole people with no hang-ups about their bodies (we presume!) sometimes need to get to grips with thinking about and naming their bits which, when revealed, define them as naturists. Let's face it, it's only when fresh air hits the final taboo that a person becomes naked.

Women are inclined to use whole-body words to describe the revelation of themselves. They will say 'I'm nude' rather than 'My thing is showing' and they will say to their lovers 'My body is on fire', when it's a more specific part than the whole body they mean.

Anyway, let's start with proper definitions.

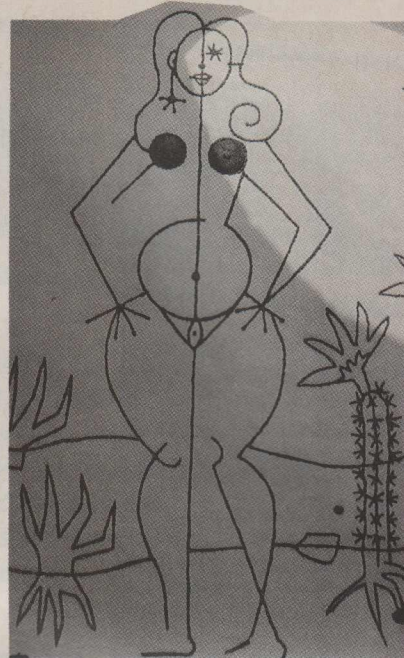
The word 'vulva' describes all that part of the female genitalia on the OUTSIDE of the body; the 'vagina' is the invisible tube that travels or leads from the vulva to the womb.

Men and women alike however, throughout history, have hidden a fascination with the behaviour of the vulva, and the secrecy of the vagina, under a carpet of flowery phrases. In the days before tape recorders it was difficult to know what words real people actually used when speaking to each other; but one of the earliest written sex manuals, the Kama Sutra, described women's interesting bits in fascinating detail.

It's hard to believe all women are basically alike! Most of us measure about three inches ... but that's when we're quiescent, so to speak. An aroused vagina can 'stretch to a telegraph pole and contract to a needle'. Women don't worry about it, never getting the tape measure to themselves, but do have some concern about their external appearance. And yes, stories from history, such as that of Ninon de Lenclos, imply a healthy vagina can have sex many times, in either a day or a life time, without coming to any harm or getting worn out.

'The Perfumed Garden' was another famous Eastern sex manual. It calculated that a woman's ugliness got bigger as her vulva did, and listed various graphic descriptions that must have been the result of meticulous research!

What about 'The Crested One', that rises like a cock's comb when excited? 'The



Humpbacked' has a Mount of Venus as hard as a camel's hump, while 'The Large One' is like the head of a calf and apparent under the apparel as a woman walks along.

Some Eastern euphemisms are really romantic however; what about the Red Pearl, the Jade Gate, the Lotus in her Wisdom or the Golden Doorway? Far better than the prosaic nicknames of modern life. Pussy sounds delightful, and is used in many languages, but Box, Button or Muff? Purse or Satchel? No thank you. Women's names like Lady Jane or Sally Port might please, while Eye That Weeps Most When Well Pleased is a bit lengthy!

While men are intrigued by the vagina ('You spend the first nine months of your life trying to get out and the rest trying to get in') some are afraid of it, subconsciously giving

women a secret power over them. For this, scientists invented the phrase 'vagina dentata', being Latin for a vagina with teeth in.

To all those men who feel like this, as a woman I can laughingly remind them of some weird and wonderful vaginas of the animal world. The female octopus has her vagina in her nose. If she's not in the mood and the male octopus pokes her with the tentacle that acts as a penis,

she bites it off and swims away with it!

Queen bees have been observed before to break off the parts of the drones impregnating them at the height of passion, and praying mantis eat their mates in the very act - being gobbled actually activates the penis, which disappears in the vagina, never to come out, as he dies. The female scorpion also eats her mate, while the Black Widow Spider does make love first and eat after, so some cute and astute male Black Widows have been known to escape.

So there's a lot to be said for being human!

To all those naturist women thinking about what they call theirs - you can tell if a man likes you by the words he uses. Some of them - like Pussy and Crumpet - have turned into vaguely insulting words for the female sex in general and who could love a man who calls the essence of femininity, nakedness and naturism a Poxbox or Snatch?

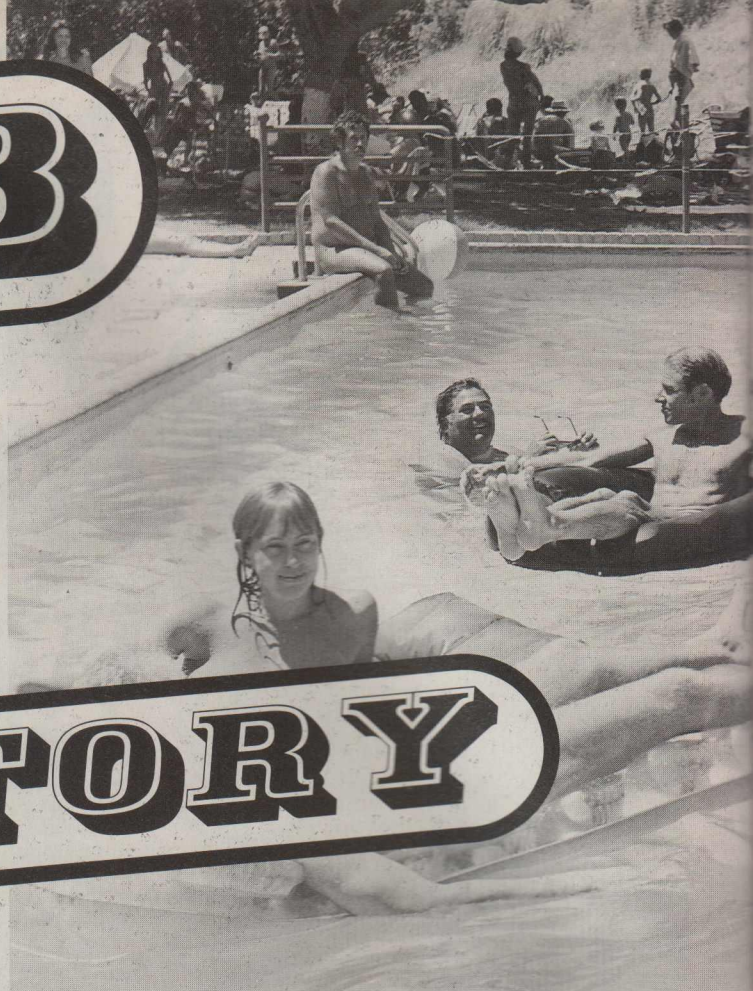
No, no - let's create a fashion of natural words for natural things. What about Apricot, Orange, Bearded Lady, or even Nature's Tufted Treasure?

For those tired of 'pussy' and put off by medical terminology, Susan Mayfield suggests a few female alternatives.

CLUB

We list the national organisations under each country. Write to them for further details enclosing stamps or an international reply coupon. Note that the addresses printed are often for information only, not the actual address of the grounds. Please, clubs, advise us of any changes!

DIRECTORY



INTERNATIONAL NATURIST FEDERATION (INF)

St. Hubertusstraat 3; B-2600 Berchem/
Antwerpen, Belgium.

ARGENTINA

National Organisation: NAT, Casilla de Correo
2560; 1000 Buenos Aires, Argentina.

AUSTRALIA

Tindo Nat Club Inc., GPO Box 92, Adelaide,
SA 50001.
Australian Nudist Information Bureau: P.O.
Box 136, Hawthorn, Australia 3122.
International Organisation: Australian Nudist
Federation, P.O. Box 268, Belconnenact
2616, Australia.
River Island Nature Retreat, P.O. Box 456,
Mittagong, NSW, Australia 2049.
Sydney Sun and Social Club: P.O. Box 100,
Dulwich Hill, Australia 2203.

AUSTRIA

National Organisation: ÖNV, Postfach 88, A-
1024 Wien

BELGIUM

National Organisation: FBN, Postbus 66, 1000
Brussel 22.
Club Belvedere, La Coul, 152, 4580 Aubel.
De Spar, Volhardingstraat 67, B-2020
Antwerpen.
Gravensteen, P.O. Box 245, B-9000 Gent.
Heidegouw, P.O. Box 13, B-3500 Hasselt.
Helios, P.O. Box 1185, B-1000 Bruxelles.
Le Perron, P.O. Box 169, B-4000 Liege.
Pheobus, Rue de la Paix 44, Vredestraat 44, B-
1050 Bruxelles.
Plein-Ciel, c/o Raoul Jouan, rue de la Cite 40,
B-4410 Voltem.

BRAZIL

National Organisation: Federacao Brasileira de
Naturismo, Caixa Postal 272, 88330 Bal de
Combriv S.C., Brazil.

BRITAIN

National Organisation: Central Council for
British Naturism (CCBN), Assurance House,
35-41 Hazelwood Road, Northampton, NN1
1LL

CLUBS (CCBN members)

Adventurers Sun Club, c/o J.D. Ayto, 110
Birling Road, Snodland, Maidstone. Kent.
Apollo Sun Club, c/o CCBN at above address.
Ashdene Sun Club, 500 Elland Road, Elland,
West Yorkshire, HX5 9JF.
Aztecs Recreational and Sun Club, Aztec Sun
Park, Crawley, West Sussex.
Blackthorns Sun Club, Secretary, Sharnbrook,
Bedford MK44 1NE.
Bournemouth and District Outdoor Club and
Holiday Centre, Matchams Drive, Matchams,
Ringwood, Hants.
Brighton Sun Club, Hamshaw, Sloop Lane,
Scaynes Hill, Haywards Heath, West Sussex.
Bristol Solarians, Tara, Mapleridge Road,
Chipping Sodbury, Bristol.
Broadland Sun Association Ltd., Brickle Road,
Upper Stoke Holy Cross, Norwich.
Charnwood Acres Country Club, Markfield
Road, Ratby, Leicester.
Diogenes Sun Club, The Secretary, c/o
FREEPOST (SL 1621), Chalfont St Peter,
Slough, SL9 0BR.
Far West Sun Club, c/o The Moorings, Lower
Middle Hill, Pensilva, Liskeard, Cornwall.
The Garden of Eden, PO Box 3, Fishguard,
Dyfed, West Wales SA65 9BW.
Gardenia Sun Club, Lye Lane, Bricket Wood, St.
Albans, Herts.
Greenacres Club, Cornsay, Durham.
Invicta Sun Club, The Firs, Forge Lane, Sutton,
Dover, Kent.
Lakeland Outdoor Club Cumbria, 'Hartside',
Belmont, Ulverston, LA12 7HD.
Lancashire Sun Society, Hazel Grove, Sandy
Lane, Rufford, Ormskirk, Lancs.
Leicester Sun Group, c/o 8 Redruth Close,
Coventry.
London Health and Sauna Club, Seymour Hall,
Seymour Place, London. W1.
New Forest Outdoor Club, North Lodge, Hurn
Road, Ringwood, Hants.
Oxford Naturist Club, 45 Broadmarsh Close
Grove, Wantage, OXON, OX12 JNH.
Pendle Sun Club, Brighouse, W. Yorks, c/o
173 Illingworth Road, Halifax, HX2 9RX..
Ribble Valley Sun Club, Briarwood, Ribchester
Road, Clayton-le-Dale, Blackburn, Lancs.
Ridgewood Sun Club, nr Clevedon and Bristol.

Tel: 0272 655712. John Addie.
Scottish Outdoor Club, 'Elstree', Inchmurrin
Island, Balmaha, Glasgow G63 0JY.
South Hants Sun Society, Stockers, North
Boarhunt, Fareham, Hants.
South Yorkshire Sun Club (S.Y.S.C.), c/o
Gallimanfry, Treswell Road, South Leverton,
Nr Retford, Notts DN22 0BP.
S.O.C. (Singles Outdoor), BM-SOC. London
WC1N 3XX.
Spielplatz, Lye Lane, Bricket Wood, St Albans,
Herts Tel: 0923 672126.
Springwood Sun Club, Cooks Hall Road, West
Bergolt, Colchester, Essex.
Sun-Folk Society, The Spinney, Hazel Road,
Park Street, St. Albans, Herts. AL2 2AJ.
Surrey Downs Clubs, Membership Secretary,
PO Box 75, Woking, Surrey GU22 7XB.
Tando (Tyneside and Newcastle District
Outdoor Club). c/o CCBN

at above address.
Valerian Sun Club, 13, Southbank Road, East
Coves, I.O.W.
White Rose Club, Flaxton, York.
Wrekin View Naturist Club, Crin Cottage,
Kenston, Market Drayton, Salop.
Yorkshire Sun Society, c/o 50 Wareham Close,
Bransholme, Hull HU7 6AY.

RECREATIONAL CHARITY

Naturist Foundation, Naturist Headquarters,
Orpington BR5 4ET. Orpington 71200.
Branches (enjoy use of Naturist Foundation
Grounds):
Bexley Sun Society
Bromley Sun Society
Croydon Sun Society
North London Sun Society
South London Sun Society

OTHER CLUBS/VENUES

Chester Naturist Club, c/o 31 Market Street,
Hoylelake, Wirral, Merseyside.
C.O.R.A.L., P.O. Box 120, Ashford, Kent TN23
2AQ.
EDUN Club, c/o 53 Windrush Tower, Blackbird
Leys, Oxford OX4 5HY.
Eureka Club, Mark Wilson, Manor Lane,
Fawkham, Kent DA3 8ND. Tel: 04747
04418
Fiveacres Country Club, Bricket Wood, St.
Albans.
Llandudno Naturist Group, c/o Summer
Cottage, 11 Bryn Issa Road, Bynetg,
Wrexham, Clwyd. LL12 6NN.
North Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devonshire.
Rios, 241 Kentish Town Rd., London NW5.

Tel: 071 485 0607.
S.E.N.G., c/o 11 Briar Close, Hawkwell, Essex.
Silverleigh Club, Main Rd., West Kingsdown,
Sevenoaks, Kent. Tel: 0474 853438.
Shabden Leisure Circle, 1 Shabden Cottages,
High Road, Chipstead, Coulsdon, Surrey,
CR3 3SE.
The Old Smithy, Penyfeidr, Llandeloy,
Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire.
Woodlands Club, Fillongley, Coventry, West
Midlands.

OFFICIAL BEACHES

Ardeer Beach, Ayrshire, Scotland. About one
mile South of the towns main beach,
separated by a promontory.
Cleats Shore, Lagg, Isle of Arran, Scotland. At
the southern most tip of the island.
Fraithorpe Sands, Bridlington, Yorkshire. Two
miles South of main town beach.
Guntton Sands, Lowestoft, Suffolk. One mile
north of Lowestoft, off B1385.
Holkham Beach, Norfolk. Follow Bones Drove
(path), off A 149.
Leysdown East Beach, Isle of Sheppey, Kent.
Half mile to the east of the town.
Fairlight Cove, Hastings, Sussex. Park at
country park, walk down Fairlight Place to
the Glen.
Brighton, East Beach, Sussex. A short distance
to the east of the main town promenade.
St. Osyth, Essex. 1/2 mile past caravan site at
St. Osyth.
Polgaver Beach, St. Austell, Cornwall. At east
end of Carlyon Bay.

CANADA

National Organisation: The Western Canadian
Sunbathing Association, P.O. Box 1113,
Calgary, Alberta T2P 2K9.
FQN, 4545 Pierre du Coubertin, C.P. 1000,
Succ. M. Mt. Que. H1V 3R2. Montreal,
Quebec.

DENMARK

National Organisation: Dansk Naturist Union
(DNU), Fuglebakvej 103, 1.th DK-2000
Frederiksberg.

FRANCE

National Organisation: Federation Française
de Naturisme (FFN), 53 rue de la Chaussee



d'Antin, 75009 Paris.

There are so many clubs in France (details from the above) that we are just listing the naturist holiday centres.

Koad-ar-Roche, 56820 Neant-sur-Yvel.

La Herpinier, 49730 Montsoreau.

Creuse Nature, Le Cheix, 23600 Boussac-Bourg.

Centre Helio-Marin, 33930 Montalivet.

Camp Naturist de Grayan, Euronat, Grayan l'Hopital 33590.

Club Quercy-Agenais Naturiste, Rene Point, La Tuque, Belaye, 56140 Luzech.

Centre Naturiste de Devese, Bernard Lautier, 32380 St. Clar.

Centre Naturiste de Montagne, 'Les Clapières', 05100 Briancon.

Le Cro Magnon, Boite Postale 5, 24220 Beynac, Dordogne.

Alpes et Soleil, 38659 Sinard.

Domaine Naturiste International 'La Romegas', Mme Schillemans, 26170 Buisles-Baronnies.

Le Haut Chandelal, Y. and P. Boisgontier, 06850 Brianconnet, St. Auban.

Club de Soleil de Nice-Lévans, La Gorhette, 06720 Levans.

Centre de Vacances de la Haute-Garduere, 83830 Calcas.

Domaine Naturiste de Belezay, 84410 Bedoin.

Plages des Templiers, M. Jacques Guerrier, B.P. 22 Saint Ferrol, 07700 Bourg-Saint-Andeol.

Relais de la Conche, Claude et Jeannine Bennetot, Saint Montan, 07220 Viviers.

Le Ran du Chabrier, Mme Metge, B.P. No. 1, 30430 Barjac.

Ran du Chateau de Ferreyrolles, 7 rue de la Republique, 30100 Ales.

La Genese, Mejanne-le-Clap, 30710 Saint-Jean-de-Maruejols.

Les Bois de la Sabliere, St. Privat-de-Champclos, 30430 Barjac.

Centre Helio-Marin, 34300 Agde.

Gymno-club Mediterranean, Serignan Nature, 34410 Serignan.

Village du Bose, Octon, 34800 Clermont l'Heraut.

Camping Saint Pierre, 34150 Gignac.

Centre Naturiste de Vacances, Le Fiscaloug Puyelsi 81140, Castelnau de Montmiral.

Centre Helio-Marin, 'La Grande Casse', Cabanes de Fleury, 11560 Fleury d'Aude.

Village Ulysse, Port Leucate, 11370.

Village Aphrodite, Port Leucate 11370.

Le Clapotis, 11480 La Palme.

Club du Soleil de Perpignan, Dominique Martinez, 'Le Ventous', 66150 Arles-sur-

Tech.

Village Naturiste de Serralongue, 66230 Prats-de-Mollo.

La Sesquiere, Vieux, 81140 Castelnau de Montmiral.

IN CORSICA

Au Moulin et la Cascade Corse, B.P. 36, 20210 Porto-Vecchio.

La Bagheera, Anga Filippi, La Bagheera, La Guistiniana, 20230 San Nicolao Pietra-di-Verde.

Le Moulin, 20210, Porto-Vecchio.

GERMANY

National Organisation: DFK, Geschäfts stelle, Uhlmeierstrasse 14, W-3000 Hannover 1.

We have listed only the larger sites—with room for 100 or more tents/caravans. For further details please write to the DFK, as above.

CLUBS

Familienferienzeltplatz Amrum, 2278 Wittdün/Amrum.

Strand Camping Wallnau, 2000 Hamburg 63, Overn Borg 19.

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 23 Kiel 1. Postfach 3112.

Eurocamping Zedano, Reinhold Reshöft, 2435 Dahme Nord.

Bund für naturnahe Lebensgestaltung Bremen e.V. (DFK), 2800 Bremen 1, Postfach 106845.

Naturistenbund Wilhelmshaven-Friesland e.V. (DFK), D-2940 Wilhelmshaven 1, Postfach 907.

Sun Lüneburger Heide e.V. (DFK), D-2120 Lüneburg, Postfach 2641.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. Hanover (DFK), D-3000 Hannover, Yorkstrasse 7.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 33 Braunschweig, Postfach 1812.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Hildesheim e.V. (DFK), D-3200 Hildesheim, Postfach 492.

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), D-4800 Bielefeld 1, Postfach 5501.

Naturistenbund Rheyd e.V. (DFK), Zedernstrasse 19, D-4050 Mönchengladbach.

Orplid. Bund für Freikörperkultur und Familiensport e.V. Darmstadt (DFK), D-6100 Darmstadt-Arheilgen, Weiterstädter Strasse 150, Postfach 110861.

Naturistenbund Trier e.V. (DFK),

Christophstrasse 7, D-5500 Trier.

Lichtbund Saar e.V. Sarrbrücken (DFK), Postfach 973, D-6600 Saarbrücken.

FKK-Familienportbund Heilbronn e.V. (DFK), 71 Heilbronn Böckingen, Postfach 51.

Lichtbund Karlsruhe e.V. (DFK), D-7500 Karlsruhe 1, Postfach 4103.

Natursportbund Schwäbischer Wald e.V. (DFK), D-7157 Murrhardt-Kirchenkirchberg-Feriengelände Schönnrain.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Stuttgart e.V. (DFK), D-7000 Stuttgart 1, Postfach 66.

Bfi Sonnland e.V. (DFK), 78 Freiburg, Dreikönigstrasse 1.

Drei-Länder-Eck, Postfach 105, D-7808 Waldkirch.

Verein der Saunafreunde e.V. (DFK), D-1000 Berlin 19, Rognitzstrasse 8.

GREECE AND EASTERN EUROPE

East European Documentation Centre on Naturism and Related Subjects, PO Box 3379, GR-102 10, Athens, Greece.

HOLLAND

National Organisation: Drift 3, 3512 BP Utrecht.

There are no obstacles in Holland for singles (male and female) for visiting the club grounds or for becoming a member of the NFN-affiliated naturist clubs.

IRELAND

There is a naturist group in Belfast, Northern Ireland, and another in Dublin, Irish Republic. For details write to: Irish Naturist Association, P.O. Box 1077, Churchtown, Dublin 14.

Club Aquarius & Naturist Information Centre. Both at 78 Francis Street, Dublin 8.

Cork Naturist Club, PO Box 6, Middleton, Co. Cork.

Northern Outdoor Association, P.O. Box 10, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 1UX.

ITALY

Associazione Naturista Italiana (ANITA), Via N. Bixio, 32, I-20129 Milano.
Unione Naturisti Italiani (UNI), Castella Postale

185, I-10100 Torino.

National Organisation: FNI, Via Guicciardini, 3, I-10121 Torino To.

Pizzo Greco, 88076 Isola Capo Rizzuto, PO Box 37, Catanzaro, Italy.

IVORY COAST

National Organisation: FIN, Club de Soleil d'Abidjan, II Boite postale 1218, Abidjan II, Cote d'Ivoire.

LUXEMBOURG

National Organisation: BoitePostale 1236, 1020 Luxembourg.

MOROCCO

SCI Le Soleil, c/o Lt. Col. Landrin, 15 rue des Tuileries, Casablanca, Morocco.

NEW ZEALAND

New Zealand Naturist Federation. P.O. Box 1359, Wellington, New Zealand.

NORWAY

National Organisation: Norsk Naturistforbund (NNF), Postboks 189, Sentrum N0102 Oslo 1, Norway.

PORTUGAL

National Organisation: Federacao Portuguesa de Naturismo, Apartado 3232, 1306 Lisbon.

ROMANIA

Rompen Club International, Postfach 21 08 65, D-5900 Siegen, BRD.

SOUTH AFRICA

National Organisation: SANFED, c/o Beau Valley CC, P.O. Box 326, Warmbaths, 0480, South Africa.

SPAIN

Federacion Espanola de Naturismo, Castel des Rey 99, Apartado 301, Almeria.

Club Catala de Naturisme, Mallorca, 221, 3er, 2a, 08008 Barcelona.

SWEDEN

National Organisation: Sveriges Naturist Förbund (SNF), Box 502, 23010 Skanör.

SWITZERLAND

Switzerland UNS secretary: PO Box 85, CH 3138 Uetendorf.

USA

Two National Organisations:
American Sunbathing Association Inc., 1703-E North Main Street, Kissimmee, FL 32744-9988, USA.

National Nudist council: Route #1 Box 34, Sprakers, New York 12166.

International Naturist Youth Hostel Association, INYHA, POB 4755, Philadelphia, PA 19134, USA. Tel: (125) 425 5240.

CONTACT ORGANISATIONS

Network International Coordinators, Box 3582, Peenhill Ltd., 28 Charles Square, Pitfield Street, London, N1 6HT.
Run for the benefit of all naturists who are interested in other people and their way of life. Accepting bona fide naturist couples and ladies, at present to expand world members list. Please send £1.00.

NATURIST GUIDEBOOKS

The following are particularly useful:
Free Sun Beaches by Phil Vallack. £7.65 mail order from H&E Books.
Naturist Guide-book, £7.95 mail order from H&E Books.



**NUDISM?
YOU CAN
KEEP IT!**

***Nudism is the most fun
you can have with your
clothes off. Keep up to
date with the nude
news, keep in touch
with other naturists -
and keep your new
improved H&E handy.***

***H&E - the home of
naked truth***

WELL, YOU ASKED FOR IT!

For a long while now, you've been asking us to give more space to 'real naturists' in 'real' situations rather than an endless parade of models – lovely though they all are.

Well, you'll be seeing a lot more of yourselves as our programme of H&E photo-shoots progresses – we started back in April but there's a lot of you out there and you **know** what the weather's like ...

We've also decided to extend the Relate section of the magazine to the Quarterly Editions too so not only can we use more of your letters but we can occasionally devote the entire space to having a good old rant on a particular issue that you feel strongly about. Good eh?

So, those of you who've enjoyed a good naked

summer so far, (or more especially those of you who, for whatever reasons, haven't!) why not take a few minutes to scribble down some of your thoughts, feelings and experiences – and pop a few pics in the post while you're at it so we can see who we're talking to.

Think you've got nothing worthwhile to say? Don't believe it! Just think of what makes you **really** angry and work upwards from there you'll always find something that stirs your passion, however laid back you think you are.

So come on. As naturists **you** are the voice of naturism and you have the power, however unlikely it may seem at times, to change things. We'll spread the word but we have to hear it first.

ONE MAN'S MEAT ...

You've published several interesting letters recently, stimulating some discussion concerning the ways in which we chose to present our bodies. If ever there were an example of one man's meat being another man's poison ...

Bodypainting is plainly popular, as are delicately placed and executed tattoos (if one excludes the sailor's forearms and skinheads' knuckles), yet some people detest them. Even if circumcision is, for many men, a fait accompli from their childhood, it remains a matter of choice for others, and the choice may well be made for reasons of appearance, rather than physical or medical ones. Nobody seems to write with strong feelings about bouffant versus short hairstyles, or (since naturism is totally revealing of unnatural hair colours), that few ladies bother to dye their hair. It seems that the head causes little discussion. Pubic hair, however is another matter, with strong feelings on both sides. Yet a brief glance through the pages of H&E shows that most ladies shave their armpits, (very few men do so), and the matter is rarely mentioned.

N.H.

TAKING UP THE CHALLENGE

Thank you for publishing G. Scott of Stirling's letter 'Throwing Out a Challenge' in a recent issue.

I fully endorse his letter and hope that it does, indeed, challenge some readers to re-evaluate their mainly unjust and preconceived opinions on the majority of single men who happen to be gay AND naturists.

I agree that there are those gay men who do behave in an objectionable manner – not only to 'straights' but fellow gays as well – but I must also say that I have been subjected to objectionable sexual behaviour by straight naturist couples not only on free beaches but also



An Irish naturist, at ease in Canada.



Land of the free bodies - America.



...in an English country garden.



The perfect Greek tan.



Which swimsuit looks best?

in Nativist Group swimming sessions in Public Swimming Pools! I have witnessed far more overt sexual activity by straight naturists on free beaches in Britain than ever I have on recognised gay naturist beaches abroad.

Like G. Scott (and many other gay men) I am particular about the type of man I find attractive and have often come away after a day on a free beach not having seen ONE man whom I considered to be attractive. In fact many of the ladies on the beach were far nicer to look at than men! I have also experienced the married man at the club who does not tell all, and believe me, there are a lot of them about! Maybe the reluctance to allow single men to join clubs is not because they are likely to chase the women but because the closeted married men are too afraid that their 'secret' will be too hard to conceal?

Your wonderful Vanessa Goodman replied to a letter I sent to her some time ago concerning my gayness and my love

of naturism. Her reply was sane, objective and very reassuring so I hope that H&E will continue to give unbiased coverage to ALL aspects of Life and the Nativist.

J.Morris

SUPER SIDARI?

After reading the article 'Secretive Sidari' by Gareth Evans, I feel I must speak up for Corfu and in particular Sidari.

My wife and I stayed at Sidari Park for two weeks in May 91, and the weather wasn't what we were expecting, it was cool and sometimes damp.

The east end of Sidari beach was used by myself as my wife is not a naturist, and after two weeks this end of the beach was being used by couples and families - also naturist.

There is only one recognised beach, and that is Peleka's, other beaches that are used by some naturists are Mirtiotisa and Ag Georgios. Although the weather was not so good we had a great holiday - and will definitely return.

To try and clear a couple of points raised in the article, only Greeks are allowed to act as tour guides - this is why you only get the introduction from the Holidays reps. Most Hotels on the island will give you a free copy of Corfu Sun in which you will find all the information you should need about beaches, towns and villages.

T. Eden, Lancs.

PURE FILTH!

Being new to naturism, my husband and I decided to buy H&E Vol.93 No.3. If you call this a naturist magazine I will not be buying future issues.

All I can see from reading and looking at the pictures is that it is just another porn magazine - why do we need pictures of women in provocative positions in a naturist magazine? If you want articles like that you can buy Playboy or Men Only! Also why the article on Naked Ballet? All you are doing is degrading women.



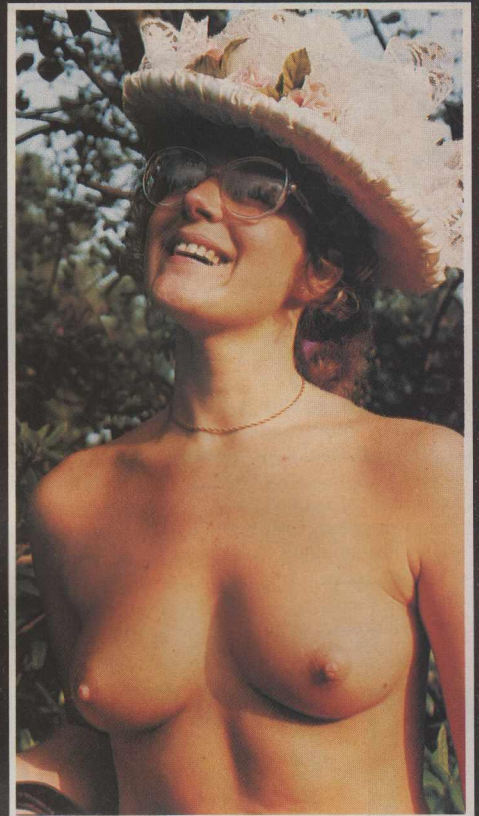
A Route 66 landmark in Arizona.



Naturally in Holland...



...and Eureka in England.



Could she be going to Ascot?



Adventurers Sun Club, Kent.

I thought naturism was about being free to take your clothes off and mind your own business and enjoy the freedom of it all – but your magazine is just pure filth! I am broad-minded but some of the pictures you have in your magazine are bloody awful! Your article on page 50 – pure rubbish again, a model posing – probably only takes her clothes off for money to pose for your magazine – not a true naturist.

No wonder some people think that naturism is unnatural and disgusting if the first impressions of it are from your degrading magazine.

Mrs M.B. Warrington, South Yorks.
Are we provocative? We don't think so. Thought provoking maybe! Degrading? Definitely not. And how many copies of Men Only did you have to buy before you felt able to make the comparison?

EIRE YOUR VIEWS

Just a few words to say how much I enjoy your magazine. I live in the

southern part of Eire and it's only in our capital city of Cork that H&E can be found, and at that, only in a small minority of shops. Even though I do not know of any clubs in Ireland, or of any naturists, I pursue naturism in my own way. I am interested in photography and with the aid of a self timer and tripod I have taken some good shots of myself. Maybe when I get enough courage I will soon submit some to your Relate Column, which I enjoy immensely. Keep up the good work.

William, Eire.

NO QUARTER

I have just read through the Spring Quarterly, No 54 and was not impressed at all. It seems as if it is simply made up of stories selected at random and there is no real news.

We need to have news of current developments regarding nude beaches or situations in Britain and various other countries. Without this there seems little

reason to buy the magazine.

Secondly, the story about hysterectomies, whilst well written, was spoilt by the pictures which I felt were not relevant to the text. You should have showed older women who might have been more likely to have, or have had this operation—not young girls in their twenties.

I have only recently become interested in naturism but to me it means freedom to do whatever you feel most comfortable with—whether it's going topless, bottomless or stripping off completely—it doesn't bother me as long as you are not forced to do anything against your wishes.

Sue, London
Regarding the news point, we have been having similar thoughts and we are considering including an up-to-the-minute news page within the monthly editions of the magazine. Regarding your last point, yes, we agree, and that goes for life in general too doesn't it? Ed

Derek Harris gives us a quick run down on some of the 'alternative' therapies.

You find a system of alternative medicine for every day of the month, and then find some more. Are these systems of use or are they worthless? In Britain, Prince Charles (as president of the British Medical Association ten years ago) counselled medical practitioners to examine alternative health methods, and it resulted in probably the first systematic study of alternative health generally since western orthodox medicine was established by Hippocrates. The conclusion published in 1986 was, predictably, dismissive of most methods, but some treatments, such as osteopathy, were judged worthy of further study. A further report is due soon.

Whatever the report concludes and with alternative remedies now

use of foxglove for heart conditions in both orthodox medicine and herbal treatment) or an approach that avoids somehow directly thinking about the complaint, or needing a degree of faith.

Does a little of what you fancy do you good? The late American



ALTERNATIVES

available in every high street, we can safely say that alternative health is increasingly popular in spite of any official misgivings.

My late grandmother thought that drinking a bottle of brown ale a day and bathing with rainwater was the clue to longevity, while specific ailments were dealt with by going to bed and not emerging or speaking till health had returned. She was healthy and active up to her death at ninety, but who knows how long she would have lived if she had looked after herself a little more creatively? Perhaps she would have lived a lot longer, or, perhaps not as long!

People tend to be utterly obsessive with regard to their beliefs on health. Once you think a thing is good for you all the tea in China and a few other goodies thrown in will not dissuade you from that view. One American gentleman decided that laughter was the answer, and cured himself of a serious terminal condition by locking himself in a hotel room with a projector and (oh dear!) assorted Abbot and Costello films. It would seem that a happy 'healthy' mind, and a refusal to dwell on illness is the key to a basis for health.

Both orthodox and unorthodox medicine can be divided into methods which can be vaguely termed in one of two ways. Practical, i.e. the system involves a definite physiological cause and effect (an example would be the

psychiatrist Wilhelm Reich thought that all health flowed from successful sexual intercourse. It would seem that sexual pleasure does make one feel well and that sexual isolation is deeply depressing.

As an alternative practitioner, my favourite treatment is homoeopathy. Samuel Hahnemann the German who founded Homoeopathy in the eighteenth century declared 'first do no harm' and that maxim has to be the underlying principle of all forms of treatment.

Most homoeopathic remedies available have hardly any of their active ingredient. The remedies are progressively shaken and diluted, and this process is supposed to 'imprint' the value of the active ingredient on the liquid used to dilute it. Try Gelsemium tablets for flu and colds, or Arsen Alb tablets for tummy upsets.

Homoeopathy should appeal to the naturist in that the remedies ideally match the 'whole' person, and the practitioner takes into account the patient's mental and physical characteristics.

Other methods include the application of various sorts of bodily pressure, and include massage, osteopathy, auricular therapy, acupressure, and reflexology. Massage is pleasant and reassuring. Osteopathy manipulates the bones and helps disease through body realignment.

Acupressure is the forerunner of

acupuncture, and associates various points of the body with various illnesses.

You can try acupressure yourself. The 'upper vitality point' is located an inch from the crease of your elbow towards the hand, and you can be sure of finding it as you can feel the muscle when you flex your hand. Press the point with your thumb in a circular motion, and relief should magically follow for soreness and tiredness, especially of the extremities.

Auricular therapy and reflexology associate the ear and foot respectively with various parts of the body. Massage of a given point benefiting its associated organ. For instance, massaging around the base of the big toe allegedly helps a stiff neck.

'Practical' treatments start with educated nutrition. Unsuitable nutrition has been assessed as a contributing factor in 35 per cent of all cancers!

There has been some speculation that high vitamin C intake may help to arrest some cancers. Whilst nothing is proven, for all illnesses it is important to have adequate supplies of vitamins A, B, C and E, and also a full supply of the necessary minerals for the body to be able to 'fight'.

Mineral requirements are often overlooked. Zinc for example, is often in poor supply in our diet and the average person consumes about 9mg daily instead of the recommended 15mg for most

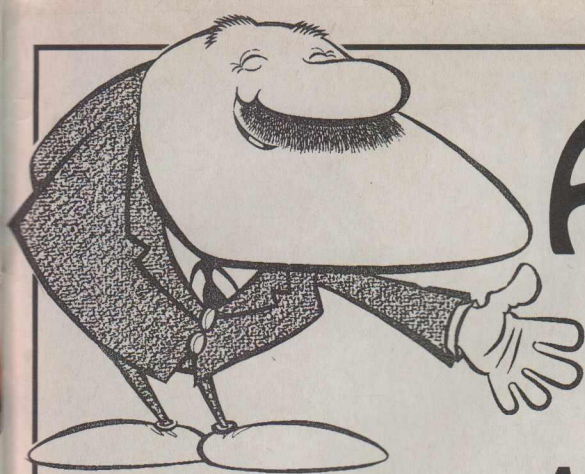
adults and 20mg for pregnant women.

My other favourite practical approach has to lie with herbs. I suppose you've heard about garlic? This helps with so many conditions, but I think immediately of bronchitis and catarrh, stomach inflammation, and high blood pressure. Another miracle worker is Slippery Elm powder, a soothing healing remedy which is made from the bark of the tree. This can cure, for instance, ulcerative colitis, for which your good old GP can only manage palliative steroids. Dusted on external ulcers, and burns, it will heal them overnight, and it is beneficial for all digestive disorders.

Aloe Vera is now increasingly well-known, and is beneficial for all skin disorders. Internally, it is used amongst other things for piles and dispepsia.

The best approach to health, as to life, has to be the electric one, the search for the best of everything. In a world where there seems to be no easy answers to anything, the sensible outlook is a happy marriage of moderation and optimism. If life is a boat, to have a future, you'll need a port to aim for, and suitable attention to holes in the hull!

A final word of encouragement – as a naturist you probably have a head start on most people in vitality and common sense, so the best of luck in your search for health and happiness!



FOR WOMEN

A WORD IN HIS EAR

A Word to the Men from our 'Uncle Morrie'. Women will identify strongly with his words!

Tom is upset. His girlfriend is having an affair. But not with him. "My first instinct was to go round and give the bloke a good cuffing," he snorts in his letter, "but Debbie says that if I do she will never speak to me again, anyway. She says she could not help herself. She knew it was wrong but we were not actually engaged, so I must not feel too bad. And she's sorry ..."

Tom is not his real name and neither is hers Debbie. As they are both H&E readers I have used these fictitious names to spare them possible embarrassment.

What can Tom do about it?

He can try and meet her for a talk. She might just be having a crush on someone which might wear off. Or, it might not, and in that case there is nothing Tom, Dick or any old Harry can do except sit out their feelings of rejection. Mind you, this blue period can always be helped to vanish by dating an old

flame.

What Tom could do is to find out WHY he did not measure up. Did he take Debbie too much for granted? Did he read more into the relationship than was there in the first place? Was he too serious? Was he not serious enough?

In nine cases out of ten girls give boys the go by because they become bored. How many times have you heard a girl say, "He only wants me for one thing" And that is probably true. When was the last time the rejected male noticed her dress, remarked on a new perfume, or took more than a passing interest in her views: Actually listening?

Here's a quick one for the boys: 'What colour are your girlfriend's or wife's eyes?

Um...er...blue, that is, er, bluey, um, don't know, really.

What perfume does she use most, and what others does she try?

Er...ah...I think it's that French stuff, Canal.

Describe what she was wearing the last three times you went out together.

Oh, that's easy. No bra, and stockings with suspenders....

Yes, yes, yes. But what was she wearing? I mean, did she have on a suit of armour, a pair of overalls, or a pair of jeans?

Er, yes.

Well, which?

Er, those skin fitting slacks which show if she's wearing much underneath. No, wait a mo'....Er, a dress, I think. That, er, blue one, no, it's sort of grey.

These are all questions I put to Tom who called me after he wrote. And, probably like you, these were his answers exactly. Know what I mean lads? Cop on!

MENOPAUSE

Roger Steed is on the women's side! Support from the male, he says, is crucial to a female at a difficult time in her life.

For some women menopause can present virtually no problems, for many others it can be a purgatory that may last for years and years.

For most, the menopause trauma falls somewhere between these two extremes.

In some cases menopause creeps up insidiously. Slight changes in the woman may not be noticed by the male partner to the point where he can say "Ah well, she is going through the change of life." But the woman may be only too aware of the changes within herself. Trying to pretend they don't exist or will go away tomorrow, or the next day, is not the solution!

Damn it all, your wife/partner is still the same person, it is just her body make-up that is changing her - both physically and mentally. It happens to us all as we get older.

Don't forget, fellas, we may not have a menopause as such but our bodies are changing as well. Have you noticed more hair growing from your ears, more hairs up your nose, more grey hairs on your head or a noticeable thinning on top for instance. Or horror of

horrors, a greying pubic area, a beer belly and a sagging jaw line!

What symptoms should you be aware of? Well, no doubt your wife will be only too well aware of them first. Menopause may present a huge variety of symptoms, or just exhibit itself in the odd one or two.

Classic initial symptoms are irregular periods whereas formerly they have been regular, hot flushes, irritable outbursts, sleeplessness, forgetfulness, loss of libido, vaginal dryness, depression and tiredness. Should your partner show any of these symptoms, then urge her to seek medical advice - even if it's nothing to do with the menopause, it needs sorting out!

Well and good if she has a sympathetic GP, but if her pleas fall on deaf ears there, do not do not give up, get her to go to a "Well Woman" clinic for a check up and general advice. You may have to pay for such a consultation, but take it from me, it will be money well spent.

From my personal experience, I know my wife's hysterectomy accelerated menopause even

though her ovaries were left intact. Her menopause came on suddenly and violently with frequent hot flushes and many other unpleasant symptoms all within the space of a few weeks. From the sweet, moderate woman I had known, she seemed to change into a completely different person. She was as unhappy with her 'new' self as I was. Luckily, we both realised that it was important not just to let things ride, but to seek out treatment and insist on trying various options till we found the one to ease her problems.

While one cannot stop ageing or the menopause, many of the symptoms can be alleviated by the use of hormone replacement therapy (HRT). Improvement can be dramatic and equally sudden, but I must stress it is not for every woman. It may be that you must search for other methods to ease the trauma of menopause. What I would say is do not give up searching for the right solution to help your partner's problems.

In my wife's case, HRT has been a big help to her but we still have a long way to go to get matters

totally right. Since HRT is such a relatively recent and controversial form of treatment, Many GP's are not conversant with it, so get expert advice. I would suggest that you or your partner write, in Britain, to the Amarant Trust (c/o Churchill Clinic, 80, Lambeth Road, London, SE1 7PW). It is a private medical centre, therefore expect to pay for treatment. Also, please enclose a s.a.e. when writing.

Taking my wife to that clinic was the best money I ever spent.

Leaving your partner to face menopause without your support is an invitation to a rough ride! You'll deserve much of what you'll get. So, support and help her. Face it together. It can only enhance your relationship and bring you closer together in the end.

This time of life should be a prime time when you can enjoy each other without having to share zimmerframes!

One recent book on the menopause which is well worth reading is 'The Wise Woman - a Natural Approach to the Menopause' by Dr. Judy Hall with Dr. Robert Jacobs, published by Element Books, priced £6.99.

ANGER IN ARIZONA

EXPLODING with rage I slammed the phone down, grabbed a towel, wrenched the front door open and tore off down the street at sixty miles an hour, squealing the tyres and crunching the car's gears as I roared out of town. I didn't care where I ended up, I just had to get away from those small minded idiots and their ridiculous rules.

I mean, what sort of mentality did they have that allowed them to pass decisions such as the one I had spent half the morning attacking on the telephone?

They—the State governors—had introduced a bill making it a felony to go nude in your own backyard or even in your home if anyone aged under fifteen was present. Apart from being an outlandish attack on my freedom, I was frequently nude around the house as was my eight year old daughter, Lucy.

I hit the pedal hard, burning up the dusty highway as I headed south through the arid Arizona scrubland towards Yuma and the Mexican border. Once through the checkpoint the warm waters of the Gulf of California would be barely half an hour away so I decided to head for a isolated little cove I knew would provide the peace I needed.

Lucy was spending the weekend up in Pheonix with Jim, my ex, so I had just myself to please until he returned her on Sunday evening. The way I was feeling now, that was a perfect arrangement. I could only stay for the day as I hadn't bothered to obtain the tourist and vehicle permits required for longer trips but that would do.

ARIZONA NUDE BAN: A bill was introduced in the Arizona Legislature that will virtually eliminate all nude activities in that state. It would be a felony to go nude in your own backyard or in your home if anyone under 15 years of age is present.
(Black's Beach Bares Newsletter)





Jodie's story concerns the threat facing her nudist lifestyle in Arizona. Read it - it could happen to you too!

I turned off the highway, onto the turnpike that led down to the shoreline, finally screeching to a halt in a shower of dust and stones. I killed the engine and stared out at the shimmering waters before me with the distant mountains separating the Gulf from the Pacific Ocean just visible through the haze. I filled my lungs with the warm air and felt my mood lifting. I'd arrived.

I felt even better after a lazy dip in the cool, clear sea, the gentle lapping waters caressing the cares from my soul and loosening the whipcord of anger running through my body. I returned to the shore refreshed and contemplating the events of the last few hours more objectively.

The Republican Senators who had sponsored the bill— apparently without consulting





their constituents first—had sought a new and comprehensive definition of simple nudity, presumably to make the job of prosecuting “offenders” so much easier.

Their lengthy and precise document covered all bases, so to speak, effectively elevating something that I had always considered to be a natural, harmless and pleasurable condition into a heinous crime worthy of hanging despite the fact that many States had received rulings from their Supreme Court that genital exposure was not illegal unless done in a vulgar or obscene way.

Well I for one had never acted in a vulgar or obscene way, nor had Lucy and nor did we have any intention of doing so. Were we to be banished to a textile lifestyle for the next seven years until my daughter reached the age where, supposedly, her young

mind would no longer be at risk of becoming depraved by exposure to such deviant practices?

Did the legislators of the State of Arizona not consider me and my fellow naturists, parents and children, to have any responsibility or commonsense at all? Sure, they have to be seen to be protecting us from whatever dangerous minority exists out there but ‘ordering’ us to cover up just to cover themselves is repressive and dictatorial and quite possibly an abuse of the system they are supposed to administrate.

The only way we, as naturists, can continue to follow our chosen lifestyle unhindered by such small-minded and misguided legislation in the future is to join together and *prove*, to the doubters and lawmakers alike, that we’re just normal people who are responsible enough to enjoy ourselves without annoying others



and without the iron fist of Big Brother smashing us into the ground.

I sat on the rocks, battle plans forming in my mind. I would fight to preserve my pleasures and I knew a lot of my nudist friends felt the same way but in the meantime I needed to cool off with another dip. It may have been late afternoon but the sun was still hot and as the water once again enveloped me in its swirling sensuality I prayed that no one would ever have the right to deny me such a feeling again.



**“I PRAYED THAT NO ONE WOULD
EVER HAVE THE RIGHT TO DENY
ME SUCH A FEELING AGAIN.”**





'Don't take your pleasures for granted – be prepared to defend them.'



Snow and nudity are an exhilarating combination.

Love them or loathe them, skiers are excessively keen about their sport. Fancy taking a week - or even two - out of your limited holiday time to slide down a mountain on two sticks! Commitment - and some money - are essential, unless you happen to live near a ski run. Nude skiing takes even more dedication; I've never tried it, but I'm assured that the exhilaration makes up for all the difficulties and discomfort. Petra, at least, seems to be enjoying herself.

Don't be put off by all hype you hear about the sport. There's nothing particularly glamorous or difficult about skiing, and any reasonably fit person could learn how to do it, given the right equipment. It's not all that dangerous either: solid ski boots are designed to strengthen your ankles, and are attached to the skis by a safety-release mechanism. All the necessary equipment is on hire at ski resorts.

Nudity is not all that absurd on the slopes; the sun is incredibly bright (goggles or sunglasses are essential), and the air is usually so dry it doesn't make you cold. But if you're out of the sun, or you fall over, bare skin is, for once, not the best way to be dressed. If you do plan to do a quick Lady or Lord Godiva in the snow,

Nick Mayhew introduces readers to the nude appeal of skiing.

Photos by Petra Vieten.

make sure you've learnt the basics of skiing.

The risks are considerable: you might find yourself racing quite inadvertently away from your clothes, unable to sum up the courage to fall over to stop yourself. Who wants to cast their bare body into freezing snow at great speed? Even more pertinently, who wants to end up racing into a busy ski resort, wearing nothing but a pair of goggles and boots, with only an embarrassed blush in between?

Frostbite is the least of your worries, so spend some time on the lower slopes, practising the essential manoeuvres.

For one thing, you don't need to fall over to stop yourself. If you put your skis into a 'V' shape, together at the front and apart at the back, you will slow down. This is called doing a 'snowplough'. Similarly, if you turn across the fall of the slope, so that you end up with your skis horizontal, you will also stop. Falling over is certainly a major part of skiing for the

beginner, but you'll soon pick up the techniques that make skiing enjoyable. Most of it comes naturally.

You can travel very quickly on skis. If you let yourself go, you'll follow a straight route downhill. This is the easiest line to follow, but you'll have little control over your speed and direction, and will probably need to fall over to stop. The way round this is to zigzag down a slope, running across the face of a hill and turning at either end with a snowplough, or a more advanced method. This is called traversing, and should be learnt early on.

Skiing is quite different to walking. You can always spot the first timers as they try to step straight up a hill, only to slide back again. You walk up a slope sideways, on the edge of your skis, which is called 'side-stepping', or with your skis out in a 'V' again, though this time it's the tips of the skis that should be far apart, and the ends close together; this is the 'Herringbone'. On the flat, it's easiest to push yourself along with your

A DOWNHILL STRUGGLE



sticks, pushing alternately with your feet.

It's strenuous, and you'll find learning to ski frustrating, timeconsuming and exhausting. It's hard to enjoy yourself when you've just fallen over, and lie helplessly watching your detached ski accelerating down the slope, but at least you'll be more determined to get it right next time. However, the moments when you soar freely down the slope are addictive, and a triumphant achievement after all the knocks and bumps of the learning process.

Skiing in the nude needs even more

thought. Certainly make sure you have suntan oil and some sort of eye protection - the sun can be incredibly fierce high up, and an all-over tan is possible. If you're planning to do

You can't catch the ski lift in the nude!

much skiing, carry your clothes with you in a rucksack. Walking back to them might take hours, and you certainly won't be allowed onto the ski lift *au naturel*. The big advantage of nude skiing is that any shocked

textile observer will find it hard to complain about you.

The best way to combine naturism with skiing is to go to a nudist resort. Believe it or not, it's possible. Some naturist centres and clubs in Europe, which are sunny hillsides in the summer, are open for winter sports when there is snow on the ground. The INF Guide has a symbol showing which clubs provide facilities for this exotic leisure pursuit. For nude skiers, it's as good a place as any to start. I wish you luck; you're braver than me.

(Copies of the INF Guide can be ordered on page 40).



Petra, with the bare minimum of equipment.



'Now, where did I put my clothes?'



You can even get an all-over tan.



As long as you keep your bare skin off the snow it's exhilarating fun.

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